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Down the Avenue of Ninety Years







MARTHA CAMPBELL VIVIAN

DOWN THE AVENUE OF NINETY YEARS

*Reminiscences of
Martha Campbell Vivian*

*WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
DAGUERREOTYPES AND PHOTOGRAPHS*



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A WORD TO ALL OF MY CHILDREN:

I have written this book believing you will be interested in knowing something of your mother's life, along the avenue of more than four score years, to the best of my recollection since I was five years old. Read and keep it as a memorial.

It has been more than thirty years since we had a reunion, but I want you to know that I still hope and pray that another reunion awaits us sometime, somewhere. May we all put on the robe of righteousness, and may the gates stand ajar that all may enter through the strait and narrow way. Our Father awaits us over there, where he has prepared a dwelling place for all of his children that love Him and keep His commandments.

MOTHER.

Randolph, Vermont, November, 1922.



Down the Avenue of Ninety Years



DOWN THE AVENUE OF NINETY YEARS

CHAPTER I

EARLY CHILDHOOD

I WAS born and cradled in the South, in the fine old State of Alabama. My parents were James Campbell and Eliza Ann Jennings and the date of my birth, July 17th, 1831.

When I was about five years old my mother was in very poor health and the physician whom my father consulted advised a change of climate.

My mother's parents lived in Missouri and my father decided to turn his face in that direction.

He was the owner of many slaves, to whom he gave the choice of staying in Alabama or going to the new country with him. A few remained, but the majority went with him to Missouri. Those who chose to go with their master were John and Dan, Liza and her two children, Susan and Thornton, Polly and several children. Letty and one child, of whom I will say more later, remained in Alabama. All were good servants and we were very much attached to them.

We went to Missouri by land in 1836. The carriage in which we made the trip was large and well suited to the journey, and except for its quaint lines would not be much out of style even now, as it was fitted out with something of the same luxuriousness as the present-day limousine. The inside of the carriage was upholstered in a drab-colored cloth, with cushions of the same, trimmed with fringe and braid. At the windows were drab silk curtains trimmed with the fringe, and the same silk material formed a canopy in the top of the carriage. Swung across the top of the carriage was a small net hammock, which my mother found convenient and useful for extra wraps and other things. The steps of the carriage were carpeted and these could be let down to the ground when one was entering the carriage, and afterwards folded up.

Of all that happened along the journey, I can recall only two things. One was that my brother Robert rode a large and beautiful black horse called Morgan, and that unfortunately Morgan died on the road. Very faintly do I remember everyone standing around looking very sorrowful over his loss. Then Brother Robert took a seat on the outside of the carriage with my father, who was driving. John, who usually drove the carriage, on this particular occasion was driving a wagon containing our household goods.

The second incident, one that I remember very distinctly and have often told my children, happened on the last day of our journey. All were tired from the many continuous days of traveling, for it took us about

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a month to make the trip, and we were exceedingly anxious to get to the end of our journey. We had had an early start that morning, without breakfast, as my father thought we were only a short distance from my grandfather's place and that we could reach it in a short time and find plenty of food and a welcome awaiting us. After a while I got hungry and we stopped at a house along the road and I was sent into the house with Mammy Liza to get a glass of milk. I remember that everything was nice and clean, although the place was but a small cabin. The lady who answered our call was kind and gave me some bread with a liberal portion of honey on it, and a cup of milk. The cup was of tin, the first I ever remember to have seen. I ate my bread and honey and drank my milk; but what charmed me most were the pretty flowers that were painted on the cup, and I thought the milk doubly good for that reason. I had never seen anything like it. After I had finished, the lady sent a pitcher of milk to the children in the carriage. They were all hungry, each anxious for the first drink and, consequently, in the excitement, the milk was spilled in the carriage, for which they all got a sound scolding, but nothing more.

It was noon when we reached the home of my grandfather which was situated in Lafayette County, Missouri, about eight miles from Lexington, the county-seat, and two miles west of Dover, a small settlement of Southern families.

The road which passed my grandfather's place between the towns of Lexington and Dover is a por-

tion of the old Santa Fe Trail and will be a portion of the Lincoln Highway, the national highway which will some day connect the two coasts.

As well as I can remember, we spent this first winter at the home of my grandfather, David Jennings, but I do not remember much that happened during our stay there. All the children except myself went to school that winter. I remember that between lessons my brothers used to set traps to catch prairie chickens and rabbits and, when successful, these excursions were occasions for great fun. Mammy Liza was always ready to help the children to have a good time and would barbecue the meat for them and bake a corn cake in the ashes, for which she had a fine reputation. The boys always had some of their schoolboy friends to enjoy the fun with them.

The next spring my father went back to Alabama for Letty, the slave we had left there, and when he started he asked me what I wanted him to bring me. I said I wanted a baby,—a “sure-enough” baby. He promised to bring me what I wanted; but when the baby came it was a black one, which had been born to Letty in the winter. I was very much disappointed. Even the offering of a nice doll which he also brought did not cure my disappointment, for I wanted a real, white baby.

But though I was sorry to receive Letty's baby instead of a white one, I welcomed, later, the arrival of another colored girl's baby on our place, and took a great fancy to this infant, though she was black as the ace of spades. I played with her as if she were a

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live doll, made "doll-clothes" and caps for her and became so fond of her that we loved each other all our lives. Years later, when I was married, my father gave her to me. Her name was Emily. She was the only colored woman I knew in those days who was married legally, and this was because I had a wedding for her on my own front porch.

My grandfather owned the place that has since been called the "Garr Place," about two miles from Dover. It was at this place that my father and mother had been married and from which they had set out on their bridal trip to Alabama on horseback.

The spring following our arrival in Missouri, my father rented a small farm back of the Slusher and Shelby farms, not far from the river. I do not remember much that happened during our life at that place, for I was still quite young.

One exciting episode, however, did attach itself to my mind. My brothers had put out some fishing lines and one evening they went to look at them. One of the little colored boys started to follow them, but they told him to go back home. As soon as they got out of sight he attempted to follow again but took the wrong road and was lost. When it was found that Edmund was missing, there was great excitement and the boys and negroes went out to search for him. When he was at last found he was so frightened that he was almost crazy.

At another time, my mother and all the children went out blackberrying and, after we had spent a little

while gathering the berries, we heard a strange noise. My mother and the oldest boys were very much frightened, thinking it was a panther or some other wild animal. All started for home at such a pace that I, being the smallest, could not keep up and my big brothers had to carry me in turn on their shoulders. We got home very much exhausted and presently my father came in and was told the terrible story of the panther. He laughed heartily and then confessed that *he* was the animal.

One day my grandfather came to see us and wanted to take me home with him for a visit. My mother thought it did not suit her plans just then, but Grandfather devised a little scheme that seemed perfectly good to me. I was to go down the road ahead of him and he would come and take me onto his horse behind him. I thought everything he said was all right and so I went and had a good visit with my grandparents. When my father came for me to take me back home I gathered a lot of nice apples to take to my mother and she was so glad to see me that I was not punished for my run-away visit.

The spring following this, we moved to the prairie farm and what I remember as the "old home." My father bought about 500 acres of government land, on which he built himself a home. In making the improvements about the place, grass seed was planted and my father told me that I would see some blue-grass. I was very much surprised to find that the "blue" grass was just green grass.

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This was the home of my childhood and the only one I ever had until I was married and no child ever had a sweeter, happier home than I had.

“Oh, would I were a child again,
When life was formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was swept away in transient tears!”

CHAPTER II

LITTLE GIRLHOOD

ONE of the greatest difficulties at this time was the procuring of good drinking water. There was a spring, but it could not be used for drinking water. This we had to get from a neighbor nearly a mile away.

My father got one of our neighbors to find the water vein, by the divining rod process. He walked over the premises with his little switch held in both hands, back and forth, back and forth, until the switch turned. He finally marked the spot where he thought water could be found, and right there the well was dug. After going about thirty or forty feet rock was struck. It was some time before my father could get anyone who understood about blasting, several trying and failing. Finally an Irishman came along and stuck to the job until he got through about eight or nine feet of solid rock, when he found the water. We never had to look for good water again.

In the making of the prairie home, the first thing I remember was seeing my father set out some trees in the yard for shade, for there was not a tree or bush near the house. They were set out by the line and plummet, which arrangement would not be considered very beautiful in these days. These trees grew quickly

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and were a great comfort to us. The hardy and quick-growing locust was what my father planted and was the tree most generally planted by the prairie settler in the section around us.

When a man wanted to build a house in those days he cut his logs according to the size he wanted his rooms. They were sawed at each end with a cross-cut saw and the sides were made straight and smooth with a broad-axe. In the end of each log a notch was cut so that they would fit together exactly square. When the logs were ready for raising, the neighbors would come to help raise them, one upon another until the house was completed. Since this was all done freely and joyfully in the thought of helping one's neighbor, without any desire or thought of consideration, it would seem that those times were closer to the full expression of brotherly love. At house-raising time, in those early days, all the neighbors expected to lend a hand. The space between the logs was filled with small blocks of wood and then all was plastered over. The outside was weatherboarded and painted, the inside lathed and plastered, which made quite a warm house for the cold winters we had.

The fastening on the door was a wooden latch with a string that hung on the outside and every friend might pull it. At night the string was pulled inside and the door was locked.

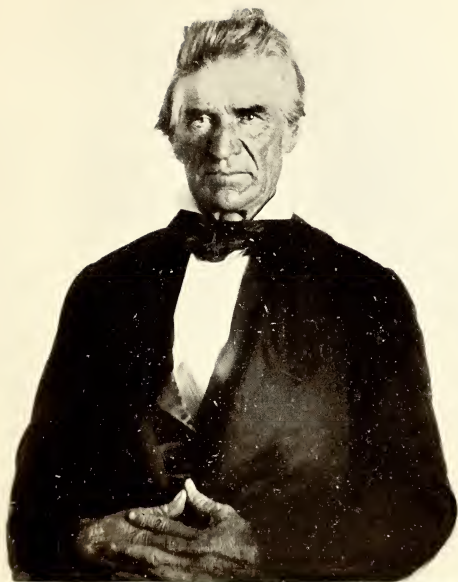
These were busy times, as nearly everything used by the family was made at home.

My father raised sheep, which had to be sheared in the spring, after the weather got warm enough so

that the sheep would not suffer from the loss of their coats. If the weather happened to turn cold after they were sheared, the sheep were housed until it was again warm. At sheep-shearing time, the animals were driven into a pen where they could be caught and taken one by one, have their feet tied, be laid upon a table, and sheared. A good shearer would shear very smoothly, leaving no rough places, and the animals would look quite spick and span. If the shearing was not done until after warm weather the sheep would shed their coats and the farmer would thus lose a large percentage of his wool. The wool taken from around the lower part of the leg was kept separate from that taken from the body, as it was not of as good quality. After the shearing, the colored women washed the wool, in tubs and with soap and water, carefully rinsing all the soap away. The clean wool was then placed on the grass to dry, gathered up and put in sacks and was then ready to go to the carding machine.

The carding machine was in Lexington and the rough wool was sent there for carding. It was carded into rolls about the size of one's little finger. These rolls were tied together in bunches and it was then ready for the spinning wheel, to be spun into yarn. The yarn was used for the knitting of socks, caps, mittens, and so forth, both for the family and for the servants. Wonnie, a slave girl, sister to my Emily, was the knitter for the servants, and kept a year ahead of the requirements.

I made my father the first pair of tufted gloves he ever had, which were warm and excellent for driving-



JAMES CAMPBELL
Father of the author



ANN ELIZA JENNINGS CAMPBELL
Mother of the author

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gloves in winter, for the winters were very cold on the prairies.

The yarn was also used for the weaving of blankets and jeans. The weaving required a good deal of machinery, most of it quite simple, made by my father.

The loom, with its parts, such as the harness, and the temple bars, were made at home. The sleigh was bought. The walling bars, reel, winding blades, also the big spinning wheel, I believe my father made. The harness consisted mostly of loops, which held the thread.

I do not remember much about the making of the harness, except that Mammy Liza sat in front of the loom adjusting the threads as they were handed to her by Susan, her girl, who sat behind the harness.

The sleigh was composed of reeds which varied in size according to the quality of cloth woven. The temples regulated the width of the goods, the outer edges carrying sharp spikes which were inserted in the cloth to hold it out firmly. Every yard of goods was marked.

Our weaving consisted mostly of the jeans, a cloth with a cotton warp and wool filling. This was the material used for the winter wear of the negroes and was heavy and warm. Cotton and woolen materials of all kinds were purchased for the family either at the local stores or in New Orleans or St. Louis when my father went to those places. Rag carpets were also woven on the loom.

The yarn was made ready for weaving in this way. After it was spun and reeled it was then put on the

winding blades, which in turn transferred the thread by the use of the spinning wheel to the bobbin, in a process similar to that of filling the bobbin for the sewing machine. The winding blade is one of the adjustments of the spinning wheel which, when fitted to the wheel, with the bobbin, winds the yarn from the winding blade onto the bobbin. The bobbin, filled with the yarn, is placed in the shuttle which acts as a carrier of the thread in weaving. Every time the shuttle passed through, the sleigh had to be drawn up tight in order to have the filling close together. This made the cloth even and more durable. There was a new invention of a shuttle, by a man named Kay, called the "flying shuttle," which moved by a spring, making it unnecessary to touch it with the hand. I saw one in operation but I could not describe it.

My father had his turning lathe and could make anything that was needed on the farm from a farm implement to a crochet needle. He made me the first and only crochet needle that I had at that time, and it was a good one, too.

As my brothers finished college, each one took turn at managing the farm, assisting in the work that had to be done. The baling of the hemp was very particular work and had to be done exactly right. The hemp was weighed so that every bale was the same size and weight. The rope, with which the bales were tied, was also made at home.

In the fall when the corn was gathered, the negroes liked to have a corn shucking. They would get permission to have one and then would invite the darkies

for miles around. They would all come, for a negro loved the corn shuckings. The corn would be placed handy to the cribs and they would shuck the year's crop in a few hours, singing at the top of their voices all the time. After they had finished they would have a good supper and would wind up with a dance. A negro would go twenty miles to a corn shucking.

There were not many dye stuffs for sale those days and my mother and her assistants had to do nearly all of her dyeing. She used the bark of walnut trees for browns and could produce many different shades. The bark was boiled and thoroughly strained to avoid streaks or spots. She also used copperas for coloring. Loaf-sugar then came in heavy purple wrapping paper, which she saved, and from it extracted the coloring matter, which gave her very pretty purple and violet dyes. Wild touch-me-not she used for her yellow dyes and for blue she used bluing. When we were going to have blue dyeing she set what she called the "blue pot." I do not remember how this was done, but we had very pretty colors of the different shades of blues. When we wanted green, our material was first colored yellow and then dipped in the blue dye.

The making of candles was a very important item of housekeeping in those days, since it will be remembered that it was our only means of illumination at night. My mother made very superior candles. While they were usually spoken of as "tallow candles" there was some bees' wax also melted with the tallow to make them firm and dripless. The wick was large, so that it absorbed and burned all of the grease, and even

this was made at home, being spun by Mammy Liza and twisted into a soft string. Everyone knows of candle molds which were used in those days. My mother had several sets and every fall a hundred dozen or more were made for use during the following year.

My memories of the activities and industries of the olden days are closely wound about the image of my dear old colored mammy. She was first and foremost at everything, and took delight in all she did. She thought as much of us children as she did of her own. She took care of us when my mother was away and never tired of telling stories such as children love. She had a sweet and melodious voice and loved to sing, especially when she was spinning. Her favorite song was "The Old Ship Zion, Hallelujah!" I should love to write more about her and the old songs, but for tears I cannot see.

Our cooking utensils were almost entirely of iron, although there were some of brass. My first recollection of cooking is that it was done over a large fireplace. I think ours had a solid rock bottom and the cooking was done with wood. My mother had a large low oven for the baking of biscuit and other bread. Some used the reflector for baking, but we never had that. Hominy and pumpkin were hung over the fire in large kettles. These were cooked at night, and, in the morning, the hominy or pumpkin would be ready for breakfast.

Mammy Liza could beat the world for pumpkin bread, which was a favorite bread at my father's house. She also made corn lightbread. I do not know how

she made it, but it was set to rise like other light bread, then worked over again before baking. This and other flour bread was baked in a deep oven.

Long before Mammy Liza would consent to use one, my father wanted to buy a cook-stove. She was afraid a cook-stove would be hard to manage and she didn't care to make the change. But my father knew it would be much easier for her and bought the stove and afterwards she was very much pleased with it.

She was a fine cook and took delight in having everything as good as it could be made. This was a familiar expression of hers when she made something very good: "This is too good for white folks and Guinea niggers ought to be killed for eating it."

Mammy was as good a Christian as she knew how to be, and though her body lies moldering in the clay, I am sure her soul is safe in Heaven.

In the spring, a blanket of wild flowers covered the prairie and my two youngest brothers and I used to ramble hand in hand gathering them and the wild strawberries and gum, which we thought very good.

Dear old Tabbo creek furnished us with plenty of delightful fish, and father and the boys killed game of all kinds from the deer down to the partridge or quail. The birds were not shot on the wing, but were netted, and often they would bring home forty or fifty at a time.

My last reading of the Book of Joshua has brought many, many things to light that have been hidden in the depth of memory since I was a little child. He speaks of the horns or trumpets which were used when

causing the walls of Jericho to fall. We used a horn, also, but for a different purpose in my family,—we used it to call the dogs to the hunt. Joshua's was a ram's horn, while we used the horn of an ox or cow. Nothing was ever thrown away at our house and there were always plenty of horns to select from. The largest and best shaped was chosen and the preparation of it was done by my father. He was a skilled and trained workman in the cabinet trade and he applied the same art to the finishing of the horn. My faint recollection is that the horn was first boiled, then scraped, rubbed and polished until you could almost see through it. Then there was a nice fitting made for the mouth. When finished the sound was clear, loud and keen, even melodious. When my father and the boys wanted to go out for a "drive," as deer were plentiful in those days, they would blow the horn to call up the dogs and the dogs would always answer to the call. Instinct told them that they were going to have some fun, for they loved the chase as well as their masters did.

The hunting dogs were usually hounds and they always told their delight in much noise, for their barking was wonderful and terrific. I must not forget to mention old Jasper, a favorite of the family. He was not a hound, but he could bark as loud and loved the chase as well as did the others. And never a horn sounded but Jasper was on hand. He was also a good and faithful watch dog and did not allow anything or anybody to prowl around after night. If they did, they certainly heard from Jasper. He also guarded

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the sheepfold and no wolf ever molested the flock when he was there.

The boys' powder-flask also was made of cow's horn. The large end was closed and to this was fastened a strap which went over the shoulder; on the other end was a suitable fastening that could be easily put on and taken off as one wished to get the powder.

With their dogs, gun and powder-flask, the boys were fully equipped for the chase and often brought home a nice bit of venison which was considered the choicest of meats in those days. My mother had the hind quarters salted, partly dried, and hung up in the smokehouse for spring use, when it was broiled in butter and furnished a fine dish for our breakfast.

My brother once brought me a fawn, whose mother had been killed, saying, "Here's a pretty pet for you, if you'll take care of it." I fed it from a bottle, gave it a gay red collar and loved and kept it until it was grown, when to my sorrow neighbors' dogs chased it over the river and it never returned.

My brothers also had a bird-dog. The instinct of this dog differs from that of the hound, or other dogs. The bird-dog, or setter, as they are sometimes called, cared nothing for the chase. Neither was he a watch dog. But he loved the bird hunt and he knew his business to perfection. No good hunter for birds ever went without a bird-dog. He is supposed to find the bird, or sometimes an entire nest, and set or mark them by standing still with one foot held up. He will keep that position until his master comes to his rescue. If the bird took flight it was shot on the wing, but if the

net was to be used the dog kept the watch while the master would set the net. The net was a long barrel-net made of heavy twine by our boys and was fifteen or twenty feet long with a very narrow place about the center of the length of the net. What they called "the wings" of the net were straight, about a foot wide, but quite long. When the net was set, the barrel extended from the center, the wings going out from each side and surrounding the flock. Then the men and the dog gently drove the birds into the net, the innocent creatures not knowing that they were being ensnared. My brothers often brought home forty or fifty birds at a time.

I had the experience of going with my brothers on one occasion; not knowing how to proceed I began to "shoo" with my apron, but was soon called to order and told to be quiet and gentle or the birds would become scared and fly away.

A damp drizzly day was preferable for bird hunting, as they "drove" better.

Another characteristic of the bird-dog is particularly interesting. When the bird is shot on the wing, he knows it is his duty to find it. His instinct and acute sense of smell guide him to the bird, no matter where he falls, and he rarely fails to find it and bring it to his master. For that particular trait a bird-dog is prized most highly, and we always owned some of the keenest.

My husband, to advance far beyond my story for a moment, was always a good shot and he kept a fine bird-dog, or setter. He shot the birds on the wing.

He was always called on to assist when the Dover people wanted to have a bird supper, which they had several times during the winter season. He and Dr. Robert Carter were the ones to kill the birds and they always furnished a good supply.

A bird supper was quite an event in my early life. Guests were invited from neighboring towns, a band engaged from Lexington, and the supper prepared by a good Southern cook and served in the best order. There was dancing, which, in these days was confined to the square dances and the Virginia reel. These events furnished jolly times to the young people, giving them something to remember and talk about for years.

Besides game birds, we had always an abundance of domestic grown fowls. They were looked after by an old white man who lived with us. He was an aged Alabaman, to whom my father had offered a home. He had nothing to do and so took upon himself the raising of the chickens and other fowls as his employment and contribution to the household supplies.

Although the country was comparatively new and sparsely settled, we had good neighbors, among them the Barnets, Shelbys, Phlegars, Slushers, Gordons, Fletchers, Walkers, and many others, of whom I shall speak more at length.

Many amusing anecdotes and exciting stories crowd upon my memory in thinking of these old home days,—the stories that grow up as traditions in a family.

My father was a staunch Democrat and naturally we children absorbed the idea that we were Democrats also. One evening during the campaign between

James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, my brothers Frank and Tom and I were riding a high horse, that is, making a great racket. We were dancing about the room shouting that we were Democrats and were going to vote for James K. Polk. My brother Robert, who was reading, asked us several times to make less noise, but we paid no attention to him. Finally he said, "If you say that again, I'll slap you." The boys wouldn't say it, but they whispered to me, "Say it again, hon." Well, I said it again, to my disgrace. Brother jumped up and gave me a slap and, in the scuffle, I fell. When I got up he said, "Now, what are you?" "I'm a Democrat still, sir," I replied. He laughed heartily; and, as for myself, I have still kept the faith; I'm a Democrat still.

It was about this time that a Spaniard was hanged in Lexington and the excitement caused by this event can be imagined. We children heard the story over and over from one another and from grown people. The man had been working for a Mr. Arbuckle for some time. He made a good steady hand and was well liked. One day another Spaniard came along and said to the first one: "What are you working so hard for? Let's catch some of these wild horses and sell them. They don't belong to anybody." There was no stock law then and everyone's horses ran loose on the prairies.

The first Spaniard agreed to the suggestion and they made an attempt to catch what they thought were the "wild" horses, but were discovered in the act. They were not punished in any way as the people were sat-

isfied that they were ignorant of the ways of the times and allowed them their freedom. But the Spaniard was never taken back into the employ of Mr. Arbuckle and so drifted from one place to another.

One day, later on, on the road from Independence to Lexington, he fell in company with a strange man. The man, who was riding a horse, dismounted and walked with the Spaniard for some distance. He was very loquacious and had the manner of a braggart, which succeeded in making the Spaniard believe that he had money.

After a while the stranger proposed that they rest and he and the Spaniard lay down under the shade of some trees. The strange man soon fell asleep and Satan started up business in the Spaniard's mind. The man seemed to have money, and in far-off Spain there was a girl! If he could get this man's money he could go back to Spain, maybe she would marry him. The plan looked good. He got up and found himself a strong club and was about to administer a blow on the man's head when his heart failed him. He threw aside the club and lay down beside the sleeping man and tried, himself, to sleep. But again his mind became busy with plans. He could do this act and no one would ever know! When he got back to Spain he would tell his sweetheart that money grew on trees in America. He would give her beautiful presents! He got up once more with a stronger determination. This time his heart did not fail him. He gave but one blow and his victim was dead. He breathed easier and was glad that he had had the courage to do it. It was all

so easy now! Just to search the pockets of the dead man, get the money, and he would be rich beyond words.

But he searched the dead man's pockets to find only seventy-five cents!

To cover his crime, he dragged the body into some bushes, but some little boys, who were gathering hazelnuts nearby, saw him and went immediately to Lexington and reported the crime. The sheriff and a posse of men were sent in search of him and he was soon found. He confessed and was sentenced to be hanged. While he awaited execution, someone offered him two dollars and a half to tell the story of his life. He did so and it was afterwards written up in book form. This story revealed his love for the Spanish girl whose name was Maria de la Plata. His own name was Jose Raphaël Trinidad del Carmel Rubio. My children often wonder that I recall this name after so many years; but it was deeply impressed upon me.

The two dollars and a half which he received for telling his story he expended on the morning he was hanged for a good breakfast and some whiskey. He remarked when eating his last meal, "I eat and drink no more." He then sat on his coffin and rode to the gallows, to die for his wicked deed and to give an account to God who judges righteous judgment. At least, Rubio was brave.

My two youngest brothers attended the hanging and bought the book. I was just a little girl, but I read the book which was the first book I ever read, with the exception of my toy books and my elementary spelling

book, which was the hardest book a child ever learned from. I suppose this is another reason the story and the names have remained with me all these years.

Once my brother Frank went to visit our cousin, Dick Jennings. Dick was going to school and, on Friday afternoon, he invited Frank to go with him to the spelling "bee." Dick chose for one side and, of course, chose Frank. I think he must have known that Frank could spell well, for Frank spelled down the whole school. When he returned home, he brought with him a nice little box which Dick had made himself and given him. It was supposedly a pin box, as the children were at that time playing a game called "pins." So when Frank came home with his "pin box" he said, "Sis, look what a nice pin box I have!" The top of the box was caught with a notch and one had to pull quite hard to open it. So sister pulled hard and out jumped a toy snake with a pin or something in its mouth to make one believe himself bitten.

At another time, Frank did something naughty, though I never knew what, and my mother promised him a whipping. No boy is fond of a whipping and Frank, being no exception, kept out of mother's way all day. He didn't come to his meals, which was not necessary as we children were stealing things for him to eat all day. It was a very cold day and we took him in the bedroom and tucked him away between feather beds, where he was warm and comfortable. All day long we were feeding him on sugar plums and the best things in the house. He was on mother's mind all day and every now and then she would say, "I won-

der where Frank is." She was afraid he had gone to Dick's, and, as it was quite cold, she was very uneasy. Along towards night she could bear the strain no longer and began to cry. We hustled Frank out and she was a very happy mother when he came in. When she asked him where he had been, he said, "Oh, I've just been around the place." She never knew that we had hidden him.

When my two younger brothers were very little boys my father gave them a colt apiece. The boys took care of the colts and, when these horses were about two years old, Father tried to get up a fair among the neighbors, but they were not interested. He did not want to disappoint his boys, so he said that they should have a fair of their own. Mr. Manville Beauford, one of the neighbors, was considered one of the best judges of stock in the county and my father called him as judge. The "fair" was to be held at Tabbo bridge. My two brothers had their horses in perfect order and left home that morning two of the happiest boys one ever saw. The horses looked quite stylish, as each had a nice saddle and bridle. Frank's horse was the larger and rather the finer looking animal, so he was positive that his horse would get the premium. Mr. Beauford looked the horses over very carefully and finally placed the red ribbon, provided by my father, indicating the winner of the first prize, on Tom's horse. Frank was disappointed beyond measure. The judge said that while Frank's horse was the larger and better looking, the other horse had better points and was a finer animal. I do not think Tom had thought much about

getting the first prize and would not have been disappointed had he not gotten it, but Frank had his heart set on it and his disappointment was hard. The first prize was a silver cup and the second a fine bridle, both of which my father provided.

These two brothers were almost like twins. They were only eighteen months apart and were about the same size. My mother always dressed them alike and when they were large enough she put them both into trousers at the same time. At first they were to wear them only on Sunday; but on Monday, when the dresses were put on again, Frank cried so hard that Father came in to find out the trouble. He asked Frank why he was crying and he replied, "Mamma won't let me wear my pants." Father told him he could wear the trousers, and the dresses were discarded forevermore. Tom didn't care and made no fuss about the dresses. This disposition has gone with them through life. What Frank wanted he always got while under his father's roof, and what Tommy wanted, if convenient, he received; if not, it was just the same to him.

Frank loved church work and was always at Sunday school and church, the social meetings in connection with it, and attended the sacrament and prayed in public. Tom has been a good farmer all his life. Where Frank would fail, Tom has made money. Tom has dealt with stock largely and can guess within a few pounds of what a bunch of cattle would weigh. The last time I saw my brother Frank he said, "Martha, the family have died just in the order in

which they were born; there are only three of the six left. My time is next." I said: "Don't think that, Frank; you are more likely to be the last. You have better health than either Tom or I." In less than two years Frank passed away, a good Christian man, at the age of eighty years.

Once when my brother Robert came home from school he brought one of his classmates with him. This young man was in the habit of taking medicine and upon retiring asked my brother for a pill. My mother didn't believe much in pills, so we didn't have any in the house. But she got some spices and gave them to Brother Robert for his friend. He took them and the next morning my brother asked him how he liked the pills and the friend replied, "All right; they were fine." This was a case of mind and not medicine that did the work.

Now I am going to tell a joke on myself. Our house was a convenient stopping place for the boys, and when my brother Frank came home from college he brought with him a Mr. Head, who lived a few miles farther away. He stayed all night with Frank and, as my mother was not at home, it fell to me to preside at the head of the table. I was just a child and very much impressed with my unusual duties and rather nervous, consequently I made an amusing blunder. I said to Mr. Head politely, "Mr. Cup, will you have your head filled?" Everyone laughed, but it wasn't much of a laughing matter with me.

At about this period, our neighbor, Mrs. Walker, told me a story that thrilled my young imagination and

remained with me vividly. It was a story of frontier days in Tennessee, which were not far off at the time of which I write and seemed very real indeed to us all.

Mrs. Walker's cousins were frontiersmen and suffered an attack by Indians, who destroyed their house by fire and played havoc with its contents. They opened the feather-beds and shook them out in the wind to see the feathers fly. They captured a young girl, the daughter of the house; her parents had made their escape and thought that she had done the same. The Indians took her off to their camp, offered her neither indignity nor injury, but would not let her go.

After a while they got a little more careless and she ran away one night, while they slept. She did not know where she was, but wandered off in the woods. At dawn she hid in a hollow log. They raised a hulla-baloo and hunted for her everywhere,—even went to that very log and all around it.

When they gave up the search, she crept on; by night, chiefly. She wandered two or three weeks, subsisting on roots and berries.

One night she dreamed that she put a leaf in the stream and followed it to a settlement. She paid no attention to this dream until she had dreamed it three times. Then she acted upon it, threw a leaf in the stream, and an eddy took it *up stream*. So that was the way she went.

Soon she came to a fence. Then she saw some folks having a meeting, praying outdoors. She slipped around to the back of the houses; all in rags, she was. Those who saw her were afraid of her at first;

but she told them her story and they were very good to her. She had gone two hundred miles from her home. They had to feed her by teaspoonfuls and, of course, she was completely exhausted. When she was well enough, they took her back to her folks.

We children thought such true stories as these more entrancing than fanciful tales. I tell about them here to indicate how close my childhood was to these adventurous days.

Other tales that we delighted to hear were of my father's experiences on his journeys to New Orleans to sell mules.

He bought the animals when they were young and fattened them for two or three years, then drove them down to New Orleans for sale.

He used to give us a thrill every time he related how, on one of these trips, the boat on which he was returning up the Mississippi took fire in the night. The Captain roused everyone and told the passengers and crew to save themselves upon the cotton bales with which the boat was loaded. So they did and the bales floated.

There was an old blind gentleman on board with his two little grandchildren and an old colored man who took care of them. This poor negro asked my father what to do and was told to tie the children to a bale. He obeyed, but tied the little girl by her hands, and she slipped away and was drowned.

While my father and another man were floating on a bale, a third man, on the deck of the burning ship, yelled to them that he was about to jump on

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their "raft." My father shouted that there were bales all about him; he should take one of his own, as theirs would not hold a third. But the man leaped nevertheless. He could not reach the bale and my father and his "fellow-passengers" were unable to draw him up on it; but they held him by his arms to keep him from drowning until a yawl picked them up, all three exhausted.

When my father came back from these trips he always brought a supply of groceries from New Orleans; hogsheads of brown sugar and of molasses, sacks of rice, boxes of raisins, and, what pleased us most, big cocoanuts "with the hair on" and sometimes a box of candy. He always brought groceries, too, for his poor neighbors, charging them only what the provisions cost him and nothing at all for transportation, thus saving them what was a considerable item of expense.

He brought, too, boots and shoes for the negroes and yarn for the knitter, a negress who spent all her time knitting for the others.

There was a seamstress, too, who sewed only for them; and to her he brought the necessary materials. At a much later period in my life, I took pleasure in helping her "turn out" their rough working clothes, and she and I made fourteen pairs of pants in one day, to my father's great pride; he told everyone about it. But this, as I have said, was much later and in the days of the sewing machine.

At the period of which I have been writing, my father started a store at a small town called Platt City, opposite Kansas City, which was then known as Wy-

andotte, in partnership with a man he trusted. My father furnished the capital and this man managed the shop. But we soon learned that this partner was shipping goods to his own family without charging them to his account and was otherwise disregarding business ethics. Instead of quarreling about it, my father quietly withdrew from the partnership. He sent my brother Robert to "make up" the books, sell out the stock and divide the proceeds. Such goods as could not be sold readily were also divided.

I well remember the excitement of us younger children when Robert arrived home with an immense box of goods. It was a gala day for us. Children always enjoyed seeing cases opened then, as children do now. This one contained chiefly "domestics"; but there were also some pretty things and trinkets. There was one silk dress-pattern which my mother gave to a deserving colored girl as a reward. An extra piece of this fabric gave me great pleasure; for the bride of my cousin, whom he had recently brought to Dover from Kentucky, made me a bonnet of it, corded and shirred on whalebone, like one in her *trousseau* which I greatly admired.

Out of this box also came my own first silver thimble.

With what pride I used it! It was much better and more practical than those made nowadays.

My father used to take his own home products to St. Louis to be sold. Wheat and hemp were his staple production.

It was customary for the farmers to exhibit their

products at the fairs, especially hemp. I do not recall my father's exhibiting his hemp but once; this was at the St. Louis fair and he won the premium. Flavel Vivian, afterwards my husband, and my brother Tom were at this fair and my father wanted one of them to take the mule into the ring. Seeing that they were reluctant about doing this, my father took the mule in himself and won the prize, which pleased him very much. It was a twenty-dollar silver medal.

He won a silver medal in St. Louis for the quality of his wheat. It was inscribed, "Industry Brings Plenty," which was true of him. In later years, he gave this medal, in which he took much pride, to my son, his namesake.

The agent in St. Louis was so kind to my father that my dear mother sent him a crock of her butter; after that she had to send one every time my father went. Oh, my mother's butter was just like gold; it was wonderful!

These were days of industry and abundance, of neighborliness and happiness. Good, sound days!

"Would those days could come again
With all their fruits and flowers;
I would give the hopes of years
For those bygone hours."

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL DAYS

THE school situation was a bit unsettled. We went to school when we could get a teacher.

Before any teacher would consent to come into the neighborhood, he had to be assured of a certain number of pupils, at a certain price, and his board. He would contract to teach for but three months, and that was about as long as we could get a teacher at one time.

My father generally assisted in getting up the schools and the other patrons would agree to take their turns in boarding the teacher. However, in most cases, the teacher came to our house first and never went anywhere else.

The name of my first teacher was Townsend. He was a beautiful penman and was very much liked. This was the time of quill pens, and, as we had plenty of geese, and Mr. Townsend knew how to make them, there was no lack of good quill pens in our house.

My next teacher was a Mr. Thornhill. I did not like him and I do not believe anyone of our family did. My mother always gave the teachers a good hot dinner on Saturday and Sunday, because of their having to eat cold lunches on school days. Once, I

Down the Avenue

remember, she had chicken stewed with dumplings for Mr. Thornhill. He said: "Mrs. Campbell, do you call this *go-far?*" She replied: "No, I call it chicken stew. You can call it what you like." We were glad when his time was up.

We then went to school to Dr. Gordon and walked three miles to the schoolhouse. Horses were sent for us when it rained, but in good weather we thought nothing of the walk. We could have ridden all the time, as my father had plenty of horses, but we liked the activity of the long walk; even I, though I was still a very little girl. Dr. Gordon was an excellent man and a good teacher.

Our next teacher was an Englishman, a Mr. Williams, and a very fine teacher he was, although his undertaking this work was due to an accident. When he first came to Missouri he knew nothing of horses. But he borrowed a mule from Father Vivian, a near neighbor of his, to do some plowing. Before beginning the plowing, he got on the mule to take a ride. This animal was broken to work, but not to be ridden, so Mr. Williams got a ride that he did not like. The mule ran away, throwing Mr. Williams, whose leg was broken. This gave the children of that district the advantage of a good teacher while the leg was getting strong enough for Mr. Williams to go back to his farm work. During this period, however, there were only about ten pupils.

One morning, during this period of my school life, I was going to school on horseback, riding behind my brother Tom. It had rained the night before and,

when we got into what was known as the Slusher lane, there was a large puddle of water in the middle of the road. We were riding pretty fast when Romulus, the horse, shied at something and I fell into the water. As I was dressed in white, I was a pretty sorry sight, but I was soon made as good as new through the kindness of a neighbor who lived in a nearby house. When I presented myself at her door in this unfortunate plight she was very kind to me and had my dress washed and ironed while I waited, and I was soon on my way to school. This was the home of Mrs. Cotton, the sister of the gentleman whom I afterwards married.

While we were going to school to Mr. Williams, he gave my friend Mollie and me some silk-worm eggs. I put mine in a fig box and forgot all about them. They had been in the box all winter, and, when I remembered them in the spring, I opened the box and it was full of worms about one inch long. Every day, when we came from school, we gathered mulberry leaves, spread them on a newspaper, and then put the worms on the leaves. This was done with our hands and was the part I did not enjoy; but it had to be done every day until the silk-worms were fully grown. Then they began to scatter and we found them all over the room, on the curtains and pictures, everywhere they found fit to lodge. Then they ceased to eat, and formed the cocoon. We were very much interested in their development, but after the cocoons were completely formed we were at a loss to know how to preserve the silk. Mr. Williams told us that they



ROBERT G. CAMPBELL
The author's eldest brother



CALTHA COTTON CAMPBELL

"Sister Caltha," wife of the author's brother, Robert, and sister of the
author's husband

must be dipped in boiling water to kill the moth. We did this, but then found it very difficult to wind off the silk; but I succeeded in getting enough from mine, doubling and twisting it lightly, to knit a pair of half-hand mitts for myself. At least I thought they were to be mine; but brother Robert, who was at that time home from the State University at Columbia on a visit, thought it would be nice for me to send them to a little friend of his in Columbia and when he returned he took them to her,—with my consent, of course.

The wife of this Mr. Williams, by the way, was my first music teacher and a very good teacher she was and made the drudgery of the beginner interesting. I used to play on her square piano, as we did not yet own an instrument in our family.

I am going to give you a rule, learned in our school-days, for ascertaining the day of the week that any month comes in. It may impress one as a very strange and funny rule and one may get the idea that there is "nothing to it." But it works, and when it is learned it will be found very convenient when a calendar is not handy. It is based upon the following quaint sentence: "At Dover dwelt George Brown, esquire, good Christopher French and David Fryer." You must take the number of the month, whether the first, tenth, twelfth, etc., that is the month in question. We will take, for example, the month of June, the sixth month. Then count down six words, as follows: "At Dover dwelt George Brown, esquire." Take the letter beginning with your sixth word, being "esquire," and we

have the letter "e"; "e" is the fifth letter of the alphabet. Next count five days from the day of the week that January 1st came on: January 1st, 1919, was Wednesday. Counting five days beginning with Wednesday, we have Sunday,—the first day of June, 1919. Again, we will take the month of October, the tenth month. Counting ten words, "At Dover dwelt George Brown, esquire, good Christopher French and—"; the first letter of the tenth word is "a" and "a" is the first letter of the alphabet, so that October, 1919, comes on Wednesday, or in this instance the same day as January 1st. In leap year, of course, after the month of February, an allowance of one day must be made for the "leap." If you doubt the working of the above rule, in all instances, an experiment with your calendar in front of you will disabuse you of all doubt.

My next schooling took place in the town of Dover in a small school conducted by a Miss Lent. My sweetest memories of this time seem to be twined around the companionship of three other girls and myself. They were Mollie and Sarah Martin Fishback and Lou Walker. The Fishbacks lived in the country a few miles from Dover and Lou and I boarded with the Fishback family. The four of us rode to school every morning, Mollie and Lou riding "Big Dolly" and Sarah and I riding "Little Dolly." It is easy to imagine what good times four girls had who got along like loving sisters.

After this I went to board in Dover, probably in order to be nearer the school and to save the long

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ride through the winter months, as I can remember no other definite reason for making the change. I still attended Miss Lent's school and boarded at Dr. Vivian's where our teacher, Miss Lent, also made her home. I found her a delightful and congenial friend as well as teacher. Many, many times she and I sat out in the yard, she pointing out the beautiful constellations and the stars of the first magnitude. How many years has she been sleeping under the granite stone, but those familiar constellations pointed out to me first by her greet me nightly just the same!

I remember one happy party that Mollie, Mr. Pittman, a young friend of ours, and I enjoyed together. We took a trip out to the home of my oldest brother, who lived about four miles from Dover. It was during peach season and that delicious fruit was then at its best. We rode out on horses, Mollie riding her own horse and I one furnished by Mr. Pittman, to which he had given the respectful name of "Miss Mary Williams." She was a fine riding animal and high spirited. We thought we had a joke on Miss Lent at this time, for when we returned from our visit to the country she sweetly but a little reproachfully upbraided the young man for taking off her scholars under her very eyes and saying not a word to her.

Reading a book on mental healing recently brought back to my memory something that transpired when I was a schoolgirl at Dover. Dr. John B. Vivian, the leading physician of the town at that time, had a very sick patient several miles out in the country.

He had been visiting the case for some time but it seemed obstinate and his medicine failed to have the desired effect. At that time Dr. Vivian was interested in mesmerism and, as his medicine was of no avail, he decided to mesmerize his patient, find out her trouble and let her prescribe for herself. He did so and she prescribed for herself, and the patient got well.

While I attended this school we had a May party. We had a voting contest on who should be the May Queen and Mollie and I were the candidates. I did not solicit any votes, while my opponent did, so she was the Queen and I the Maid of Honor. Miss Lent called on Mr. Pittman to make a speech which he had composed some time before the day of the party, and in one part of it he was soaring with beautiful gestures at the words, "not a cloud athwart the azure blue." As the sky had the appearance of a down-pour at any moment, this brought forth a hearty laugh, in which he joined. My speech was to the Queen and all I can remember is: "Most gracious Queen, we have had a very pleasant day and a lovely dinner."

I could not help feeling sorry for Miss Lent during her stay in Dover, as it seemed evident to me that she was in love with a gentleman who did not return her affections, and in trying to please him she incurred the displeasure of her father. She had joined the Christian Church to please her lover, but her father, being a Baptist minister, took it so to heart that he lost no time in writing her that she had planted a thorn in his bosom that could never be removed. Al-

though I think her love for the young man was the controlling reason for her joining the Christian Church, yet I cannot refrain from believing that she also liked the church and was satisfied with its religious beliefs.

The Baptists believe in immersion, as do the Christians, but the latter do not believe in close communion. One of the stories told on the Baptists in my school days was about a man who dreamed he had died and gone to heaven. Everyone seemed to be having a good time and all enjoyed themselves except one small group separate from the rest. He asked who they were and was told that they were the "Baptists holding close communion."

During this same winter of my schooling, there was a protracted meeting held in our church, the Christian Church, at Dover. This church, or sect, is known in some places as the "Disciples of Christ" and is sometimes called the "Campbellite Church," the latter name taken from its founder, Alexander Campbell. At this time, the meeting was conducted by Brother Samuel Church and Brother Winthrop Hopson, from Columbia. Sister Church and her sister, Miss Lou Lenoir, were also among the visitors and were stopping at Dr. Vivian's; this house was then the Hotel of Dover. A young doctor named Alexander, connected with Dr. Vivian's work, was also boarding there. He walked with Miss Lenoir to church and, as was the custom in those days, he left her at the church door, she seating herself on the side for the ladies, and he going to the part of the church re-

served for the gentlemen. After church he was at a loss as to how to identify his young lady, and could only recall that she wore a plaid shawl. So he took his stand by the church door and to the first lady who came out with a plaid shawl on, he offered his arm. She took it and they walked on down the street. He thought she did not talk quite as well as when they were going to church. However, when they got near the hotel, he began to turn in that direction while she walked away from it. He said, "This is the hotel at which you are staying," and she replied, "Oh, no! I live farther down the street." He had been escorting one of the town girls home instead of Miss Lenoir. He was teased about this for some time.

My next instruction was received at Lexington, Missouri, the county seat of Lafayette County, at the school of Miss Jane Long. My friend, Mollie, was still with me and we, indeed, were never separated in our school life after we knew each other. This was a boarding school and, of course, we lived in the school. There were three sisters in charge, Miss Ella Long who instructed in music, Mrs. Finley in embroidery, and Miss Jane, the teacher.

There were three Indian girls in attendance at this school. Two were half-Indians whose home was across the river from Kansas City. Their father was a chief-tain and was highly thought of by the whites, who paid him some honor; but I do not know what it was. The other girl was a full-blooded Indian. I never knew any of these girls very well, but I think now that this

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one must have been lonely, as she ran away at one time and was found looking in the windows of homes. She returned without protest with Mr. Long, our teacher's father, who found her.

When we went to church we were always attended by a chaperon. One evening we were sent in charge of our teacher's brother, a young man. On our way home, I was walking with him and the girls had gotten a little ahead. I thought nothing of this until, all of a sudden, he attempted to put his arm around me. I pulled away from him and ran as fast as I could and caught up with the other girls. This was the first and only time that a young man acted ungentlemanly with me. The next day I received a letter from him, but I was too indignant to read it and told him so. He tried in other ways to make an apology, but I refused to accept any. I would advise all girls, when they get in trouble like the above, just to take to their heels.

While I was going to school in Lexington, I had an engagement with a Mr. Wilson, a very nice young man, to go to church in Dover, five miles from my home. I didn't tell the home folks that I was looking for company and when Sunday morning arrived, Brother Kell said he would go to church with me. I took my time getting ready, hoping that he would tire of waiting and go on to church without me. Instead, he kept hurrying me, saying that we would be too late for church. By the time I was dressed, Mr. Wilson had not yet put in his appearance and I was obliged

to go on with my brother or admit that I was expecting a beau. I chose the former, hoping that Mr. Wilson would not come at all. Brother Kell and I went on to church, and, to my dismay, on coming out of the church after services, the first person I saw standing at the church door was Mr. Wilson. I apologized and invited him home with me to dinner. He accepted and, as he was quite a botanist, we spent the whole afternoon analyzing flowers.

At about this time, Sister was married to Mr. John Hubbard Taylor, of Lexington, Kentucky, though later he had come to Missouri and had been keeping bachelor's hall in Saline County. When he was about to be married to my sister, he wrote to his brother Pendleton in Kentucky to come to Missouri and be his best man. Pendleton replied to this request by putting in his appearance at his brother's home the night before the wedding. He rode to the gate and called out, "Hello!" One of the colored men answered the call and Pendleton said to him, "I should like to stay all night." The negro replied, "Master ain't at home and I don't think we can keep you." Pendleton said, "I think I shall stay anyhow," and he got down off his horse. Then the darky recognized him and jumped at him, hugging his legs and kissing his hands, saying, "Is dis you, Mars Pen? Fo' de Lawd, I didn't know you. How is de folks in old Kintuck?"

"They are all well, Uncle Abe."

"Miss Rachel, and Mars Pendleton,—how dey is?"

"All quite well, Uncle Abe. And how are you?"

"I'm fairly well, yes, sir; but Charity, she's jes' middlin'. Dis here Missouri climate don't seem to agree with Charity somehow. I 'spec' she's homesick, Mars Pen. Mars John, he's gone up to Lafayette County to get married. Went up in the neighborhood befo'hand; wanted to be handy like."

"I want to go up in the morning, too, Uncle Abe. Can you get me off early?"

"Sho as de Lawd, Mars Pen. Me an' Charity will give you an early breakfast and you can git started in fine time. Mars John says as how you can ride dar in three hours."

The faithful old servant was up in good time, gave Mr. Pendleton his breakfast and he reached our home at eleven o'clock that morning, one hour before the marriage. Another brother of Mr. Taylor was already there and the three brothers were happy to be together again. Pendleton was the youngest brother and a charming young man. After the ceremony and the bridal dinner, as it was called in those days, the bride and groom started on their way to their home. But the brothers stayed several days at our place, knowing when they had fallen into good company. Very gay and agreeable memories center about this wedding and their visit.

During the year 1847-1848, Mollie and I went to Boonville to school. In the meantime, my brother Robert had married her aunt, Caltha Vivian, which made the bond between us all the closer.

Some amusing memories occur to me concerning this new sister-in-law and her new housekeeping. For the first year of their married life, she and my brother Robert lived at home with my parents.

When they moved into their new home, a farm my father had been compelled to accept for a bad debt, my mother prepared a great case of food for the young people, so that Sister Caltha would not have to cook for some time. There were fowls and hams and preserves and pickles and many other things. My brother Robert, assisted by the youth who was afterwards to become my husband, and an old colored man, went early in the day with the wagon. My sister-in-law did not go to the new home until evening, because a sale of the out-going tenants' effects was in progress. Imagine her chagrin and amusement when she found that her too hospitable young husband had held a feast for the men conducting the sale and they had eaten up all her provisions. She was very good-natured and took it as a joke. It was certainly one to me and my schoolmates.

Another good joke on her at this time concerned my father also, although it reflected agreeably upon the good hearts of both. My father always wanted to help everybody along. Whenever anybody applied to him for work he endeavored to give it, even if he did not require any extra help. He was often imposed upon for his kindness; but, I am thankful to say, never lost his faith in mankind. He once gave work to a man named Chambers, a perfect stranger, who

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needed it badly. Chambers stayed with us a long time and gave satisfaction. When the work for my father was done he was going to work for Brother Robert and Sister Caltha. But Chambers said he wanted to go first to Jackson County to see a friend. He was to go on foot, or perhaps he only pretended that was his intention, knowing that my father would offer to lend him a mule. Father loaned him a fine mule, one that, as we used to say, "rode easy," and furnished him with saddle, bridle and blanket. When Chambers did not return, we all became uneasy; my young sister-in-law especially visualized him as ill, was very much worried about him and kept saying, "Poor man! Oh! poor man! Who will take care of him?" But we afterward found out that Chambers not only had not visited the man he named in Jackson County, but was not even acquainted with that gentleman.

The school at Boonville was run by Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, with whom we boarded as well. Mr. Tracy did the teaching, while Mrs. Tracy, who was a gifted pianist, taught music. She was an excellent teacher. Mollie and I went to Boonville on a boat owned by a Mr. Tompkins, brother of Mrs. Tracy. He got off of his boat and took us personally up to the Tracy school. We found everything very nice and pleasant, especially the girls who were to be our classmates. Mollie and I entered our sophomore year and expected to go until we received our diplomas. However, we never returned after this first year, as I shall tell later on.

We met some very lovely girls in this school, only

two of whom have I ever seen after leaving Boonville. We sang a great deal in the school and one of the songs we sang was :

“Farewell, the parting moment is come!
Life’s stern duties call us hence away.
There is no union here that will not die;
In heaven we hope to meet in endless day.”

And it certainly was our farewell.

At the close of the school term, we had regular school exercises, consisting of reading compositions, recitations, dialogues and songs, held in the church. After this was over, we held a reception, selling flowers, sandwiches, ice cream, etc., and with the proceeds had the pleasure of presenting to Mr. Tracy a handsome telescope which he wanted very much. I sold a bouquet to a young man who presented it back to me and I repeated the sale of this bouquet until it brought in five dollars. At this entertainment Mollie and I sang a duet entitled “Moonlight, Music, Love and Flowers,” which was afterwards sung by our daughters from the same piece of music.

The following summer Mollie and I were invited to visit the daughter of Mr. Tompkins, who had also been a student at the Boonville school. The Tompkins family lived in St. Louis and Mr. Tompkins took Mollie and me down on his boat. Mollie’s father, Mr. Fishback, also accompanied us. As soon as we reached St. Louis we were taken to the Tompkins home where we met Mrs. Tompkins, a lovely and beautiful blond, very pleasing in her manner. They

of Ninety Years

had a family of seven boys and one girl, who was my schoolmate. Another little girl they had lost the year before at the age of five while the sister was at the Boonville school.

This death I always remember because it cast its shadow over the school life. It broke up our dances at the Boonville school. We never danced any more after that.

Mrs. Tompkins had in her room the largest bed I ever saw; it was simply huge and had surely been specially made. I could not refrain from asking her why she used such a large bed and was told it was because all her seven sons, big and little, came into bed with their parents every morning.

This was the Mrs. Tompkins after whom her husband's river boats, the *Molly Blaine*,—her maiden name,—and the *Molly Tompkins* were christened. The Tompkinses were a loving and united family.

When I was in St. Louis with them, in the year 1848, it was a very interesting sight to see the steamboats tied to the wharf discharging or taking on cargo and passengers. There were many of them; the line extended a considerable distance along the shore of the Mississippi; and there were even smaller boats tied to the larger ones, reaching far out into the river.

The Pittman boys, old friends from Dover, were living in St. Louis at this time and they came to call upon us. They wanted to give us a theater party, but Mollie and I were far too pious to go to "a place like that." We could not think of such a thing! We

thought it was a sin to do so; but I am either less noble or less narrow now, for I am willing to go nowadays. The boys would have given us a nice time if we had let them; and I, for one, regret every honorable pleasure lost.

A young man whom I met in St. Louis afterwards sent me a letter, or valentine, saying that as Miss Campbell had taken his heart from St. Louis, the Missouri courts ordered that she should forfeit her own in its place. But I never obeyed this "order of the court," as I had other uses for the article in question.

Part of the shopping which I did while in St. Louis was the selection of a piano, guided by the judgment of Mrs. Tompkins. It was a Raven and Bacon make, rosewood case, square piano with but five octaves. This piano went with me when I was married and remained in my family long after the upright pianos became so popular. Unfortunately it was afterwards traded in for one of that homely style.

The Tompkins family were very anxious for Mollie and me to remain in St. Louis, attend school with their daughter and study music. My father was also in St. Louis at that time, passing through on his way to Virginia. He was appealed to to allow me to remain and his permission was gained, but when the time came for me to go home, I went, promising them to return in the fall and carry out the proposed school plans.

I was perfectly sure that I would return, but we do not know to-day what to-morrow will bring forth.

of Ninety Years

Instead of going on to school, I was married to Flavel Cotton Vivian on the 24th of October, 1849; and, although my days ever since have been blessed, it has been much cause for regret all my life that I did not have more of an education. But we are all familiar with the old well-worn quotation: "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

Had I more knowledge I might in this late day be able to scatter some flowers in these pages, but as it is now I can only have a friendly little talk, such as we had in the early days of the 40's when we gathered around the hearthstone of a bright open wood fire, in the flicker of a tallow candle made by my mother.

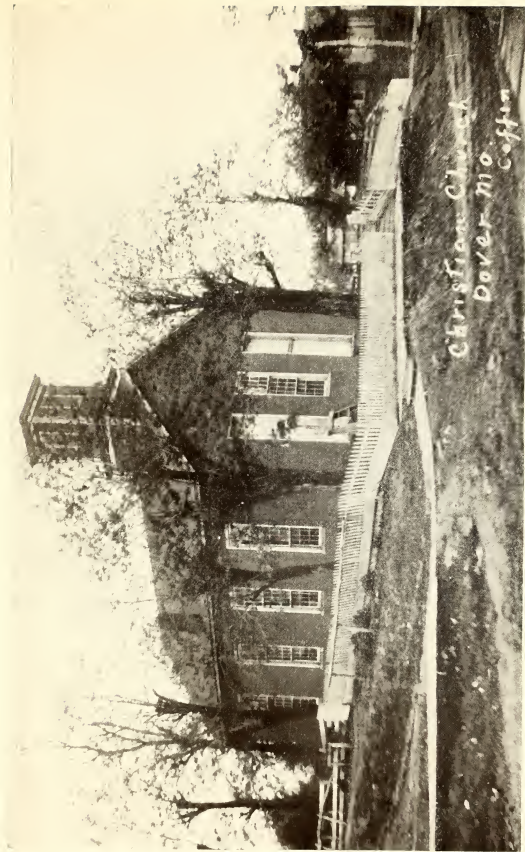
Our talk then was not about our neighbors, for we loved them as our very own selves, but of the simple experiences of the day; of the school and the good teacher and what we had learned during the day; of our walks over the beautiful prairies covered with wild flowers, as beautiful to me as Solomon's lilies. We each told our story, little or much. Then father would tell of some thrilling story about the War of 1812, of which he was a veteran.

From my earliest recollection my brother Robert took an interest in my school work. He often gave me little presents to encourage me in going to school and loving my books. I always felt at liberty to call on him when I needed help and always got assistance so sweetly. I even called on him to answer some of my letters. I once received a nice letter from a young

doctor just out of medical college. His name was signed with the vowels only, as was sometimes done in those days with letters of sentiment. I gave this letter to my brother to answer and he said, "How shall I answer it?" I replied: "Very nicely, but in the negative," which he did.

I loved all of my brothers very much and no doubt each would have taken the same interest in helping me, but knowing that Brother Robert kept an eye over me, they were satisfied to let him do so. As long as I went to school, he was my assistant. He was never too busy or too tired to help me or to take me anywhere I wanted to go.

I say my school days were ended, but indeed they were not really so. For in all these ninety-odd years of my life, I feel that I have been taught something every day and indeed I hope I am learning still.



CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT DOVER, MISSOURI
Of which the author has been a member for almost eighty years



CHAPTER IV

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND MINISTERS

AUGUST MEETING is an annual affair which has been held every year in August in the town of Dover, Missouri, for nearly a hundred years, as they were held long before I was ever there or knew anything about them. My remembrance of the first August Meeting is long before we had a church. If anyone living remembers the day when I was young, he will recall the services beneath the three large elm trees that stand near the little bridge south of Dover. In those three elms a pulpit was constructed. We had the best preachers the country afforded and plenty of them, sometimes as many as ten or twelve taking part. In the beginning, the services were held three times a day and the meeting carried on for several weeks. It was the occasion for a harvest of sinners.

A basket dinner was provided by the sisters of the church and during the noon intermission lunch was partaken of and all present were invited.

Though religion was the reason and the keynote of these meetings and their serious character was never relieved by any actual levity, still they gave us also a certain social communion and brought a touch of the outside world, through the visiting ministers who were entertained in our homes.

Some of these gentlemen were quartered at Father Vivian's,—my husband's father,—who lived about a mile and a half from town. The others were distributed among the brethren of Dover.

Our own home was so far from the town and from the place of the meetings that it would not have been a convenient location for them. I regretted this, but made up for it by visiting at Father Vivian's and at other friends' homes while they were there.

The next step in the holding of these meetings was the erection of a large shed in which the congregation was sheltered during the annual meetings. This shed was built in a very beautiful location in a large blue-grass pasture north of Dover, in which were magnificent oaks and elm trees that stretched their branches invitingly.

It was under the shade of these trees that the good sisters spread their snow-white linen and invited everyone to share the provender of their well filled baskets. These usually contained baked hams, huge platters of nicely browned chicken, home-made bread, cakes and pies. Among the latter, "Jeff Davis" pies and sweet potato custards were prime favorites. There was always plenty for all, and usually there were large crowds from neighboring towns.

It was at one of the meetings that my attention was first drawn to a sermon. The minister was an old brother, whose silver hair and beard showed that he had seen the frosts of many winters. Father McBride was his name. I remember his subject was "The Antediluvian World." I didn't know what that was

of Ninety Years

and so I paid strict attention in order to learn, and felt myself fully repaid. I was but a child then.

At that time, the annual meeting was an event in the country that no one wanted to miss.

Later on, a comfortable church was built, which is still in use; but I am very sorry to say those annual August Meetings have about come to a close, as nearly all of the older members who took an interest in these meetings have passed away and the younger generation care nothing about the tradition. Years ago interest began to die out, as evidenced by a conversation I overheard. One woman said, "I didn't want to take dinner this year, but my husband would have me do so." The other one, my sister, a faithful enthusiast on the subject of these meetings said, "I intend to go every year and take my basket if no one else goes but myself." And she did, as long as she lived. But even though it does not take place with its old-time enthusiasm, still the custom continues; even as late as 1919, I learned that they held a nice meeting, with twelve additions to the church.

I recall an incident of those years in connection with these meetings and my mother. John, a faithful old dinky, was our carriage driver. He was very proud, delighted in having everything in fine order and every now and then showing his importance. My mother had a majolica pitcher and as often as she went to church that pitcher went too. It was John's pride to hand my mother cool drinking water during the services.

How charming is the memory of those dear old

days! They come as a sweet scented rosebud, bearing the perfume of bygone times and it gives me the greatest pleasure to recall them. The charm of sacred association never fades.

One time my mother's brother-in-law, Uncle Charles Adams, came to see us and made us a nice long visit. He was very much interested in religion, and especially in the subject of baptism. He had been sprinkled, but he was not satisfied that this was sufficient, and as he was a minister of the gospel, he felt that he should be right himself in order to lead his congregation. My mother said to him one day, "Charlie, if you want to be baptized we will send for Brother Gaines," who was the minister then in charge of the church at Dover. So Brother Gaines was sent for and my mother, Uncle Charlie and my sister were baptized in Tabbo creek during the coldest weather I ever remember experiencing. The ice was nearly a foot thick in the creek and my father sent the negroes down and had them cut out a great block of the ice and build a fire on the bank. The converts were led down into the water and immersed, then wrapped in blankets and taken home. This creek served us as the Jordan did Jesus when he said, "Suffer it to be so now," and to my mind it was just as binding.

The creek furnished us also with fish, as the Sea of Galilee did Jesus. But we used the modern mode of catching the fish by a trap instead of the net, as in Jesus' time.

Years after this incident, just before my Brother Robert passed away, he said to my father, "Pa, I can-

not die happy unless I know that you are baptized." So Brother Gaines was again sent for and my father was also baptized in Tabbo. Before passing on, my brother also made his three other brothers promise him that they would join the church and lead the Christian life and meet him in heaven. They all joined later, as did also Dr. Russell, a relative by marriage. The waters of the Tabbo still pursue their way through the same channel, rising and falling with the seasons. The last time I saw the little stream, on my visit to the old home, it was out of its banks, so heavy was the rainfall of that season.

Brother Gaines was always with us as long as he lived, on particular occasions, sharing our sorrows as well as our joys. He was a frequent visitor at our house in the early days and he told me, after my father died, that he had taken lessons from my father as to how to raise boys.

My father taught his boys, my brothers, games and joined them in their sports. He encouraged them in being happy and content at home. He gave all of his children every comfort, pleasure and opportunity that they needed or cared for. If any of them did not get a good education, it was no fault of Father's.

When Brother Gaines first started out with a family of children, he thought, being a minister, that his children should be model children. Consequently he thought he had to be very strict with them. It was necessary for him to be away from home a great deal, sometimes several weeks, holding meetings, and on his return the children would not run out to meet him like

most children in their delight to see their father; they would not go near him. He said to his wife, "Betty, what makes the children act this way?" She said, "Mr. Gaines, you are too strict with them."

Just about this time, he came to our house to stay all night and when he arrived he found my father out in the yard playing marbles with the boys, all having a nice jolly time. He said to himself right then that he was going to adopt "Uncle Jimmie Campbell's plan" for raising his boys. He went home and bought some marbles. He had some difficulty in getting the little fellows to join him in the game, but when they learned that he was not planning a scheme by which to punish them, they all joined in and the plan worked well. He reared five boys and as many girls, and when the boys grew up and their father would come home from a preaching tour, the boys would meet him out in the yard for a friendly scuffle before he could get into the house. I never knew a happier or more interesting family than the Gaines family.

Brother Gaines was a very handsome man and the children were all good looking with the exception of one. The minister had a beautiful voice, which the children inherited. They learned what were then the new songs,—now to many "the beautiful old songs,"—and their singing was the attraction of any party they attended. One of his boys, Noah, could play a tune on the piano and whistle a different tune at the same time. One of the girls, Kate, used to sing *Annie Laurie* exquisitely and had a natural trill.

After many years, Brother Gaines moved to the

neighboring town of Waverly. He died there after injuries sustained in a railroad wreck. He was a good friend, a good neighbor and a good worker for the Lord in his chosen field.

Besides the Christian church, there were in Dover the Baptist, the Methodist and the Presbyterian. There were not many Presbyterians in our neighborhood; so, owing to the dearth of members, the church was closed and the building sold. It was in this church building that the Federals afterwards put the Southern men whom they impressed into service, keeping them there all day and removing them to Dover at night. Of this, I shall say more later on.

The churches and church members in our town lived in good fellowship. I do not remember any rivalries of an unpleasant or unchristian nature, though people seldom went to any other than their own church.

The churches were very much stricter in their requirements than most of them are now. Dancing and card-playing were not permitted to members in good standing, nor was theater-going; but as to the last, there were no theaters in our town, so nobody was tempted. I am glad the times to-day are more liberal; though, I must say, none of us felt at all deprived of pleasure in my time. We had a good deal of fun in other ways.

In connection with card-playing, I am reminded of Mr. Whiting, a young man who occasionally indulged in a friendly game of cards, seeing no harm in it. One night a quarrel broke out among the young men who were gambling, just a little "fuss" at first, but

soon tempers rose high. Mr. Whiting whipped out an oath. After a moment's silence, he threw down his cards and said he would never play again as long as he lived. The reason was that it dismayed him to see himself losing self-control and indulging in profanity; he thought it best to drop anything that so influenced him. This was his first serious inclination; but he afterwards studied for the ministry and became a Baptist preacher in our town, well liked and much admired.

I went to Sunday School only occasionally, as we lived so far from town,—five miles,—that we thought we were doing pretty well to get all of our large family to church. But when I did attend Sunday School, I enjoyed it.

My friend, Mollie, instead of her parents' church, the Presbyterian, joined the Christian; so this was another bond between us.

It is my opinion that the church-going habit is a very useful one and places religion on a proper basis in the life of young people and unites families on a plane of the truest and strongest union. One can worship anywhere, it is true, as well as in a church; but few *do* worship as well elsewhere, and certainly it is here that the habit of worship and of giving ear and thought to spiritual and moral ideas is inculcated.

Religion is, as it has always been, the strongest influence for good in life. In all my ninety years, I have never seen anyone who was not better and happier for having it, neither have I seen anyone without

it, however fine a person, who would not have been still finer with an active religion.

The object of us all should be to try to live a good Christian life; and a church is, at least, a constant guide-post in that direction.

My faith has been a great comfort, strength and joy to me; is so still, and shall ever be.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE AND YOUNG MOTHERHOOD

I HAD gone to school with the young man I married; we were together in the first school I ever attended; I had known him all my life.

I well remember him as a small boy in our school days, riding to the schoolhouse on a little black pony named Dolly. Sometimes Dolly got out of the school shed and went home; she was a clever little creature and could get loose if not carefully tied. Then Flavel would find himself without a steed and would have to walk home to the amusement of the other children.

Afterwards I often rode Dolly myself.

But as I grew older and went away to school, I saw less of Flavel Vivian and soon practically forgot about him. He also was off in the pursuit of an education; he attended Bethany College in the hills of Virginia. His chum there was his cousin, Jack Vivian.

But at the period of which I have been writing, my brother Robert, as I said a few pages earlier, had married Caltha Vivian; Flavel was her brother. He came to our house to see his sister and continued to come very frequently.

He was a very fine-looking lad, but became even more handsome as a man. He was three years my senior.

Down the Avenue

The Vivians came from Kentucky, where the family had a very high standing. But my husband was only a very small boy when they left Kentucky and remembered little of the old home there. The most vivid picture in his mind, he often told me, was of the time the family were leaving Kentucky for Missouri. The old homestead stood in a grove of locust trees and, as they were moving to a treeless country, the family decided to take some locust seeds with them. They sent Flavel and an old colored man to gather them from the ground. The little boy went barefoot and always said afterwards that he remembered this day of the seed-gathering chiefly because the sticks and burrs and other roughnesses cut and hurt his feet.

The Vivians belonged to the Christian Church, of which my husband became a member after our marriage.

There are things too sacred to be revealed even to one's children; and the periods of courtship and early married life come largely in this category. So I can give, of course, just a bare outline of those days, vivid in my own heart as they are.

As I have said, I was only a schoolgirl when I decided to take this important step; too young, I think now, but I did not think so then. And, after all, youth is an objection that time is sure to heal.

My friend Mollie, who had been like a sister to me, in school and out, throughout all our girlhood, was engaged to marry my brother at the time of my own betrothal. We were married at very nearly the same time, too. So we shared the secrets and happi-

ness of the days of romance, just as we shared so much else, before and since.

My fiancé was very modest in his love affairs and, knowing that I was fond of them, he used flowers to express his sentiments, and indeed these lovely emblems are more expressive than words.

The rosebud, of which the flower linguist has given such a fine reading in that language, bears more sentiment to me than any other flower. One day when we were very young, and tender sentiment was but dawning in our hearts for each other, we were standing in the rose garden at his home, where my mother and I were spending the day. He plucked a lovely rosebud and gave it to me, intimating that it represented his sentiment for me. I have cherished the memory of this through all these years and every rosebud that I see carries with it the sweet perfume of bygone days.

While I have never felt equal to the high reading of this flower, I have kept it as my model and have tried to follow it to the best of my ability. Many times, in fancy, I find myself back in the little rose garden eighteen hundred miles away. If any of my readers have the interest or curiosity to know the reading of the rosebud, they will have to look up the flower-language books we used in those old days.

As one of our ministers used to say, "As sure as the violets bloomed in the garden of Eden, God gave man marriage." It is the most important step in life and should be considered the most sacred. It should be meditated upon and thoroughly weighed in the mental



JAMES FRANKLIN CAMPBELL

The author's brother



"MOLLIE"

Mary Frances Fishback Campbell in her young
womanhood

scales on both sides before that most sacred of all vows is taken, and each should feel that it is taken until death doth part. Someone has said, "If Christ could be at every bridal altar to turn the water into wine, there would be no cause for retrogression."

We are told that "there is no marriage nor giving in marriage in heaven." A famous London minister, who made a thorough study of the Bible, arrived at the conviction and conclusion that "Whom God had joined together on earth, He would not separate in heaven." If that is true, I cannot believe that God has had anything to do with a good many marriages in the past and especially at the present time. But assuredly He had a hand in mine.

I had been married a good many years before I even heard of anybody's being divorced. Now we hear of divorces every day; but I cannot see that they have in the main made people happier; though, doubtless, in some cases they are necessary and desirable. Judge Henry, a well known judge for many years in the courts of Missouri, was opposed to divorces, it being his opinion that they were unnecessary and altogether wrong. He said, in his recollection, married couples always had had their ups and downs, just as many in the past as during the present time, and I think this still holds good even in these later days. But in times past, people did not take trifles as mountains so large they could not climb over them; they only saw them as trifles or misunderstandings and they were consequently soon rectified, and troubles passed away.

We read in the Bible that Sarah called Abraham

"lord." I have a friend that calls her husband "angel"; and to my mind every woman should feel that her husband is her lord and guardian angel.

Weddings were much simpler affairs in early days than they are now. Church ceremonies were unknown in our community. I was married at my home, in white Swiss muslin.

All of our children, except the youngest two, remember their father; and I am sure the memory is a proud and tender one.

My husband was a good man in every way and a very interesting man besides. He was a real, ideal American who could work and play with both his head and his hands. He was a great reader, read all the time when he did not have to work. His taste in literature was good, he always chose and enjoyed the best that could be had. He was very well informed on all the topics of his time. In college he had been an excellent scholar in Latin and Greek and he always kept up his classical reading. His mind was both artistic and practical.

We had our joys and sorrows, as all do, in the twenty-nine years of our life together on this earth,—from which he passed in 1878,—but they were nevertheless years of blessedness always.

We both came from homes in which the family life had been of the most affectionate nature, and it is my opinion that the tradition of such homes is the very best safeguard for young people about to establish a family of their own. Such a family is almost always happy, too.

of Ninety Years

My babies numbered ten, five boys and five girls, and all came by God's appointing. They found loving parents and a happy home. From first to last, I rocked each in my arms at night and often their little arms would clasp around my neck and sometimes we would go to dreamland together. The touches of those darling little hands still linger in my heart and time or space can never take away the memory of the lullabies and the stories they loved so well to hear.

They are all grown now and some of them many a league away, but I still dream that they are with me and always in my dreams they are still my babies. Not long ago I dreamed that one of my babies was still by my side, and in my dream I felt for it, to see that it was all right. It was not there and I became very much excited, until I finally awoke, finding myself still feeling for the little one now grown and thousands of miles away.

But in my grandchildren do I still find my own babies. A short time ago I received a picture of a little grandson whom I have never seen. He is the son of my oldest boy, Jimmie, and named for his father, James Robert Vivian, Jr. He looked so much like his father at the same age that I felt that he was my own little boy. As we live again in our children, so do our children's children live again to us as our very own.

My children were James Robert, Thomas Campbell, Ida Belle, Annie Frances, Mary, George Richard, Flavel Cotton, Charles Franklin, Mildred and Decima. All lived to become useful men and women, for

which I am deeply grateful, as it justifies my life on this earth, I dare to believe.

The following quaint little rhyme was one that I sang to my children and in after years to my grandchildren. I never heard it outside of my own family and do not know where it came from. At one time when my oldest granddaughter was with me after a long absence during which she had forgotten me, I began singing this song and it was not long before she was cuddled up in my arms listening intently to its quaint tune and fascinating words. This song never failed to gain the attention and interest of the children. It was known to them as "The Cat and the Fiddle."

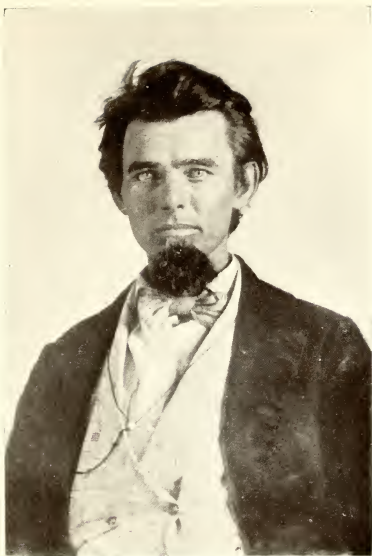
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

I bought me a cat and the cat pleased me,
I fed my cat in yonder tree;
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a duck and the duck pleased me,
I fed my duck in yonder tree;
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a hen and the hen pleased me,
I fed my hen in yonder tree;
Hen went, "Shimmie-shack, shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a guinea and the guinea pleased me,
I fed my guinea in yonder tree;
Guinea went, "Potrack, potrack,"



FLAVEL COTTON VIVIAN
The author's husband



THE AUTHOR IN HER THIRTIETH YEAR
Wearing her green-rose-and-white silk gown

of Ninety Years

Hen went, "Shimmie-shack, shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a goose and the goose pleased me,
I fed my goose in yonder tree;
Goose went, "Slishy-slasy,"
Guinea went, "Potrack,"
Hen went, "Shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a hog and the hog pleased me,
I fed my hog in yonder tree;
Hog went, "Griffy-Graffy,"
Goose went, "Slishy-slasy,"
Guinea went, "Potrack,"
Hen went, "Shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a sheep and the sheep pleased me,
I fed my sheep in yonder tree;
Sheep went, "Bay! Bay!"
Hog went, "Griffy-Graffy,"
Goose went, "Slishy-slasy,"
Guinea went, "Potrack,"
Hen went, "Shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

I bought me a horse and the horse pleased me,
I fed my horse in yonder tree;
Horse went, "Nay! Nay!"
Sheep went, "Bay! Bay!"
Hog went, "Griffy-Graffy,"
Goose went, "Slishy-slasy,"

Guinea went, "Potrack,"
Hen went, "Shimmie-shack,"
Duck went, "Quaw! Quaw!"
Cat went, "Fiddle-i-fee."

At the beginning of our married life, we lived at Father Vivian's home with my husband's family, who made us very welcome and happy, and I hope I made them so.

A little later, we moved to a farm three miles out in the prairie, where we lived until we prepared for the journey of which I am to speak in the next chapter.

Life went along smoothly, happily and very busily in our little household.

An interesting episode of our early married life, while we were living at Father Vivian's, was the unexpected visit of two bridal couples.

My dear friend, Belle Woolridge, who had been one of my schoolmates at Boonville, was engaged to Dave Bolding, a schoolmate of my husband's. These young people had accompanied Belle's sister and brother-in-law and a group of friends on a visit to Independence. When they were returning to Lexington, they approached the home of a preacher of the Christian denomination; Dave proposed that they go in and be married then and there. Belle agreed, but when they got to the turn of the road, she said she had been just in fun. He insisted and she consented. So they stopped and were married. The preacher gave them a certificate of marriage and they drove on to overtake the rest of the party, who did not know where they had been. They agreed not to tell of their mar-

of Ninety Years

riage when they got to Lexington, especially because Belle's sister was in the party and she was highly excitable; they did not know how she would take it. But the happy groom couldn't keep the secret and told of the marriage. They thought he was joking, until he gave substantial evidence in the form of the marriage certificate. Belle's sister was very much astonished, because she knew that the family was preparing to have a big wedding when Belle returned home; but she took the news calmly enough.

At a hotel in Lexington the newly married couple met a young girl, another friend of theirs and ours, Prudence Warder. She was engaged to a young man named Boon Major; but her grandfather, with whom she lived, objected to her marrying him. Prudence felt very sad about this and confided her trouble to the young couple, who undertook to arrange matters for her and succeeded in doing so. So the local minister, Brother Proctor, was called and they also were married.

The two brides and their husbands drove to our house to spend the night. I was very much surprised to see them but also delighted. I called my chum and sister, Mollie, who knew them all well; she, too, was astonished. We all spent a very happy evening together.

I named my first daughter Ida Belle,—the Belle for Belle Woolridge.

The year 1851, or it may have been '52, stands out in my mind because of a terrible accident to one of the boats that ran up the Missouri. The boat was

The Saluda and the scene of the accident was opposite Lexington. The boat had run aground on a sandbar and, after working for some time, the captain became worried and irritated and told the engineer he wanted to get off the sandbar "if it blowed them to hell." The engineer obeyed the command and raised the highest steam, and the boiler burst, scalding nearly every one on board. Many died and others were seriously burned. The passengers were nearly all Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City. They were taken to Lexington, where they were given the best attention by good doctors and nurses. Very few, I think, recovered. Children were left orphans and some were taken and cared for by the Lexington people. Mother Vivian was there and helped to care for the sufferers and told me the sad story. The iron safe, with a dog chained to it, was blown at least half a mile. I was then living on the Vivian homestead, at least eight miles away, and heard the explosion but did not know what it was until later.

In the summer of 1854 we took an ever-remembered trip to Manegow Springs. This place was not much improved then; there was but one house at the Springs and that the one Father Vivian had built. We were a rather large party, consisting of our family and kin. There were Mr. and Mrs. Fishback, Mr. Vivian's sister; my brother Robert and his wife Caltha, another of Mr. Vivian's sisters, and their little daughter Ada; my brother Frank and his wife, the Mollie of my school days, and their two children; Dr. Russell and his wife, Sarah Martin Fishback, and their little daugh-

of Ninety Years

ter; Mr. Vivian and I and our children, and a niece of his who was living with us, Ann Chamblin by name. Several of us took our maids so that we had plenty of help. We camped while there.

There was plenty of game, which afforded the men entertainment as well as food for our table. They went out hunting every day, bringing back deer, wild turkeys and quail. Our camp was near a small creek in which we constructed a bathroom by setting up posts in the bed of the creek and tacking on canvas up to the height of the shoulders. We enjoyed our daily plunge here very much. There was a store near us where we could obtain a supply of staple provisions. We remained three weeks and had a good taste of camping, but home looked sweet to us all when we returned.

In 1856, we had another pleasure trip, Mr. Vivian and I, attending the fairs at Liberty, Mo., and Independence, Mo. My brother Tom went with us, to help, as there was some stock to be shown. We took with us a colored man to care for the stock and he rode a fine horse that was also to be shown. I took a quilt, which I had made, to exhibit. We stopped a few miles out of Liberty to spend Sunday. Our hosts were an old man and his wife, very nice and friendly people, who agreed to put us up over Sunday. On Sunday evening, my hostess asked me to take a walk with her. We walked some distance through the woods until finally we came to a little enclosure and I then realized where her greatest treasure was and that her heart was there also. There were the graves of her children who had gone on before, and she told me about

each and every one. After a pleasant stay at this house we proceeded on our way, the old man giving us his blessing at parting, and wishing "the lady success."

When we reached Liberty, there was a slight disappointment for me. The Ladies' Day had passed and my quilt could not be shown. But we stayed until after the fair and went on to Independence. While there, we stayed with Mr. James Smart. I think he was the father and grandfather of the Smarts in and around Kansas City now. There was no such place as Kansas City then; Wyandotte was the town. We found the Smarts very hospitable people. Each of them had been married four times; they were very happy together. There were a good many sets of children, which made a large family but apparently perfectly congenial.

As Fair Week was one of the events of the year, there was a reunion of the Smart family that week. One of Mrs. Smart's daughters had gone to Christian College at Columbia with several of my nieces, so we immediately became fast friends. She was also one of the judges of the fancy work, but not on quilts. My own quilt did not get a premium at the Independence Fair but she said I should have had it, as the workmanship on my quilt was superior, whereas the design on the winning quilt was more attractive with not one-fourth the handwork and variety of stitches that mine had. But men were judges and only looked at the pattern, and this shows that they are not suitable judges on ladies' work. However, we got second prize on the horse, the prize being designated by the "red



THE AUTHOR

With her youngest great-granddaughter, Mary Martha McMillen



THE AUTHOR

In her traveling dress, worn on the journey to Texas

ribbon." When we passed through Lexington on our way home the colored man displayed his ribbon and, as the red ribbon was the first-prize color in Lexington, everyone thought we had taken first prize at the Independence Fair.

CHAPTER VI

THE TEXAS VENTURE

IN the spring of 1858, my husband began to talk of plans for moving to Texas. Previous to this, he had made a trip to Texas in company with his brother George and several other gentlemen. The result of this trip was that he decided to sell the farm and go there into the cattle business.

I was very much opposed to going, as I did not want to leave my parents. They were getting ripe in years. My husband said, "If you do not like it, I will bring you back." So on these terms I went. I was pretty sure I would not like it, and perfectly sure that he would be true to his promise, as he always was. The farm was sold and everything settled, and we went to Dover for the summer to make preparations for our long journey.

We went to Lexington and bought a sewing machine so that the task of sewing for the family for this long trip could be accomplished with greater ease and infinitely more quickly. The Grover and Baker was the only make we could find; but there were two different models, one worked with a treadle, and the other turned by hand. I preferred the treadle but Mr. Vivian thought the other better suited our needs, as it was less cumbersome and as we were going to make a long

Down the Avenue

journey. So we took the hand-machine, with the understanding that we could change it if we desired to do so. It was something new in our village and people came far and near to see a sewing machine and to get some sewing done on it. Most of the time for three weeks Mr. Vivian ran the machine turning it by hand for me and our friends. Then he decided to exchange it for the treadle machine, which was \$115, the other being \$85.

While in Dover that summer my baby, Annie, was very ill and we were at a loss to know whether it would be safe to take her. So our cousin, Dr. Vivian, was consulted and he thought it might be the opportunity for her to recover, and it proved to be so. We took two cows for the milk, but after traveling a week the milk would curdle when boiled so we had to find other food. Mr. New, who was with us, insisted on my giving her tea, which I did. She was fond of it, and tea and crackers was her diet until she was entirely well.

It was the 9th of November, 1858, when we started on our long journey,—my husband, my sons, Jimmie, aged eight, and Tom, aged four years, my little daughter Ida, who was six years old, the two-year-old baby, Annie, and I.

My father went with us for two days. On the second evening he gave the children each a gold coin and then said good-bye. We had come to the parting of the ways and he went one way and we the other.

No one could have read this far without realizing the tenderness with which my father regarded his fam-

ily; I was the youngest, and I knew that he returned home, after leaving me, with a heavy heart.

Our family traveled in what was then known as an "ambulance," a covered conveyance built specially for these long journeys, with ample compartments for provisions; it was followed by two baggage carts. The "ambulance" was drawn by two handsome light sorrels, Young and Brown, bought by my husband; and the larger cart of household goods, by two fine dappled grays, John and Ernest, my father's gift. This baggage cart was driven by a youth, our neighbor, Lewis New, and the other cart by a negro.

My husband's brother, George Vivian, and his family followed. They rode in a carriage, not nearly as convenient as our conveyance, but more beautiful.

This little cavalcade started off bravely enough on the long journey that lay before it. I often think of it now when I hear people complain of what they term the "discomforts" of the modern journeys in perfectly equipped Pullman trains, with observation coaches, diners and every convenience.

The first night of our camping, we came to an unfinished church, which we thought would afford us a very good place for the night. But it proved not to be as good as we expected. It was very cold, a fire was built in a large shed in front of the church; but the smoke was dreadful, blowing in every direction so that we could get no comfort by getting close to the fire. My sister-in-law, Mary Ellen, and I went into the church, had our supper brought in, our beds fixed and retired early in order to get comfortable. I was

of Ninety Years

not much pleased with the journey so far, and we were all glad to get started the next morning.

We had not gone many days before we were overtaken by a snow storm. It began to snow early in the evening when we stopped to camp. The snow had to be cleared away to set the tent. It continued to snow all night and when we awoke the next morning the snow was so heavy that the tent was lying on our beds. As soon as we finished breakfast, Mr. Vivian went to look for a place for our family to board until we could travel again. He found a place where we could engage only one room, but we were very comfortable there for several days. I got everything in readiness and was glad to start again.

This stop was in Southern Missouri, fourteen miles from Carthage. George and his family had remained in their tents. I went to see them once. They were glad to get on the road again also.

At Carthage, Mr. Vivian lost his bird-dog. We did not miss him until we had traveled several hours. Then we sent Lewis New, the young man who went with us, back to Carthage. When he arrived in Carthage, he gave a loud whistle and the dog jumped out of a window of a room where he had been imprisoned by a half-breed Indian. Louis did not overtake us until the next day in the evening.

Just before we reached the town of Van Buren, we found a pecan-tree about a hundred yards from the road. My husband recognized it and we stopped and gathered a good many nuts. We shook the tree and they just came rattling down. The children were over-

joyed. The negroes had found another nut tree for themselves.

That evening we played hull-gull with the children and had lots of fun. This is the way this simple game is played: Someone fills both hands with nuts and lets the others guess the quantity. Whoever guesses right gets the nuts. It greatly amused Mr. Vivian to place a few nuts in his hands in such a way that they seemed to be many, and so fool the children.

We approached Van Buren from a high bluff, the town being down in the valley on the Arkansas River. The scenery around there was beautiful. We crossed over the river and camped on the river bank. It was there, just opposite Van Buren, that we heard the first church bells ringing since we left our homes and I think a few of us had to get out our bandannas. Then the weather got more pleasant and the country more beautiful and I learned that some beauty could be gathered from an undesirable experience and that "behind the clouds the sun still shines."

It was at this place that Mr. John P. Bowman, a fine Christian man and one of the leading merchants of Lexington, afterwards lost his life in the Civil War. He had been vaccinated and while still in a serious condition went into battle and through excitement and overheat the poison went through his body and caused his death. His body was not taken home for burial on account of the contagious disease.

The next town of note which we passed through was Fort Smith, Arkansas, but I remember very little of the smaller places we touched in that locality.

of Ninety Years

My father had some relatives at Bonham, Texas, whom he had particularly charged us to go to see. We did so and found them very nice and hospitable. It was Saturday afternoon when we stopped for our call and when we spoke of going my cousin, Tom Ragsdale, said, "Indeed, you must not leave so soon. All the way from Missouri and just going to make a call." He spoke to someone and said, "Have those horses put up." So we stayed that night and Sunday. Monday morning it was raining and we did not get started on our journey until the afternoon. We had a delightful visit in that hospitable Texas home, for Tom had a lovely wife and daughter. The latter played beautifully on the piano. The Ragsdales were all good Southern people, and the only relatives of my father I ever met and I was, indeed, much pleased to know them.

We also went to see a brother of Cousin Tom's, Cousin Martin Ragsdale, who lived sixteen miles from Bonham at a small town called Honey Grove. The soil in Texas was a black waxy substance and, after the rain, traveling was so slow it took us half a day to make the trip. The mud would clog the wheels until they would be a solid mass, then the men would have to stop and clean the mud off, only to repeat the process time and time again. We finally reached Cousin Martin's and found them very nice people, but not so well off, as to worldly goods, as his brother. We found them milling hogs and I told his wife, Cousin Laura, that we had a sausage mill and would get it out for them to use. But when the colored man, Joe,

looked for it it could not be found, and we concluded that it had gone among the things put up for sale in our household possessions before we left Dover.

Our men-folks wanted to find a comfortable place to lodge the two families, so Cousin Martin told us of a vacant house about eight miles from Honey Grove. The women and the children and the servants stopped there and the men went on to Waco. They wanted to find a suitable location to settle permanently and thought it best to leave the families there. My sister-in-law, Mary Ellen, and I were very glad to stop and have a rest. While there we got everything cleaned up and straightened out and ready for our next move. We also bought some hogs, had them killed, sausage made, lard rendered and everything in readiness. Directing the servants in all this may not sound very much like "resting," but after the long journey it certainly seemed like a relief to us.

Mr. Vivian and Mr. New soon came back for us; they had decided that they would go at least as far as Waco. George had stayed behind to look more thoroughly in that neighborhood.

When we reached the North Bosque River we were in doubt as to whether we could ford it or not, but a sight that we witnessed afforded us a reasonable answer. There was a man trying to cross on horseback, but when he got into deep water the horse couldn't or wouldn't swim further. The man got off and swam to the opposite shore and the horse swam back. We then went on to the South Bosque where the water was low enough to cross with the teams. While crossing, a

of Ninety Years

part of the harness came loose and fell into the water. We met some Indians right then and Mr. Vivian gave them some whisky and they went into the water and found the lost pieces of harness, which we might not have been able to do. Jimmie, my oldest boy, had a little pony and was riding it when we met the Indians. He was afraid of them, as he had never seen any before, and lost no time in getting into the conveyance with us.

When we reached the Brazos, we forded it without any trouble and were soon in Waco. We went about three miles out of Waco and camped on the South Bosque to wait for George. We stayed there two weeks without hearing from him and we got very uneasy about him, especially as he had gone into a country where the Indians had been making trouble. In the meantime, we began to look around for a suitable location and we found a vacant house with a barn which we thought would do until we could see farther ahead. While we were at this place one of our valuable horses died.

The Bosque was a very clear stream and we could see the fish swimming about in its waters. We caught some and were told that they were the "Campbellite" fish. We sampled them and thought they did credit to their name.

We still heard nothing from George. Mr. Vivian and New started in search of him, but met him returning just a few miles from camp. George wanted to go further on. I was very reluctant to do so, but we went, and, after traveling several days, I think we

got about as near the "jumping-off-place" as I should ever care to be. We finally reached a settlement consisting of a few very poor looking houses on the Leon River. The men looked over the place but found no vacant houses. I, for one, was very glad of this and I believe everyone else was equally unwilling to stop there, so we started back to Waco.

On the way back, we were near a farm that George wanted Mr. Vivian to see, so we stopped and had our noon-day meal and Mary Ellen and I went with our husbands to see the place. The house was only indifferently good but the owner had 400 head of cattle to sell and that was our main object in going to Texas; our men wanted to go into the cattle business.

I was much opposed to buying the place, as I did not like it, neither did I like the country, nor the people with whom we would come in contact. All were against me, as they believed it to be the best they could do then. Of course, I submitted without any more argument and they bought out the man, lock, stock and barrel. We moved into the house and all got along as pleasantly as any two families could. My husband and children and I had our part of the house and George and his family theirs. Everything was separate except the land and the stock, that is, the cattle.

It was so dry that summer they didn't raise anything on the farm.

During our last summer in Dover, Mr. Ike Hill, an artist from St. Louis, had come there. He had been born in Dover but had later gone to St. Louis. He was a photographer of the old-time daguerreotypes,



JAMES FRANKLIN CAMPBELL AND MARY FRANCES FISHBACK CAMPBELL

The author's brother and his wife, the "Mollie" of this book, on the
fiftieth anniversary of their wedding



and took the pictures of all of our family. Mr. Vivian, who was in his office a good deal, became interested in the art and learned something of it, showing considerable facility. Later, at Mr. Hill's proposal, he bought him out. He took the camera and outfit with him to Texas and while there he made some money by taking the pictures of the Texans.

During the time we were on this farm, I went with him to Gatesville, a small town about twenty-five miles away, leaving the children with their good nurse, Emily. While there he got more work than he could do without help, so he wrote for Lewis New to come and bring Jimmie, which he did. We all had a very nice time and made the acquaintance of some very pleasant ladies. One, a Mrs. Alexander, had been reared in Galveston, which she thought was the finest place on earth. I was invited to take dinner and spend the evening with her; also with another lady of the town, a Mrs. Sears, who called and invited us to see them. They lived seven miles from us, but we were invited to spend the day and were glad to do so, as they were very nice people. They lived in a small settlement, although it already was "laid off" for a town, Mr. Sears had a dwelling and a store, and there were a few other houses. The place was called Searsville. We spent a very pleasant day with them. Mrs. Sears had little twin boys so much alike that very few could tell them apart. Mr. Vivian took their pictures, and the only distinguishing mark he could find was a small mole on the neck of one of them. In August, Mr. Vivian bought Mr. Sears' dwelling and we moved to Searsville. We sent Lewis

to Waco for some furniture and, when he came back, he brought fifty letters to the two families from home. They certainly were a treat to us.

The house at Searsville was very much like our house in Dover, four rooms with a large hall in the center and a good porch in front. Our house was the center of this little settlement. Everyone who came into the town stayed with us, though we never thought of taking any recompense.

In the course of our stay, there came a vocal teacher, a young man, who taught Ida and Jimmie, my oldest children. A preacher by the name of Armstrong, with his daughter, remained with us for several days, and held services. We enjoyed them very much. A young Dr. O'Bryan was another interesting guest; he afterwards was married and brought his bride there, a very pleasant young lady. My Annie, then a small girl, broke her arm, which was set by this doctor very nicely. Tommy was a little fellow, then, about five years old. The doctor took a fancy to him and one Sunday morning they took a walk together to a spring that was some distance from the house. The water was excellent and the doctor had Tommy stoop over and drink from the spring. When he looked up he said to the doctor, "It's as cold as fire." This amused the doctor and he never tired telling it.

I made the best of this Texas experience and was able to derive happiness from it. But I cannot say I was ever perfectly satisfied there. No letter ever gave me greater joy than one from my father that caused our return to Missouri.

He missed me, the baby of his flock, as much as I did my home folks, and wrote to my husband saying that if we would come back home, he would make it to our advantage.

Mr. Vivian thought it unwise to have made such a serious move for only one year but said that if I would take the blame in case he should be criticized, he would return. My reply was that my shoulders were broad and I could bear it all. So our attention was turned to making our homeward journey.

When I began to get things together my husband asked me to "make it as light as possible" and not to take anything I could do without. This induced me to leave many things behind that it would have been better to have taken with us. I let the doctor have many things I was sorry to have left; and never received any pay for them.

A vivid recollection of that return journey centers about a pleasant experience a few miles from Fort Worth, Texas. We needed to replenish our water-barrels, as we had not found good water for some days. Upon inquiry, Mr. Vivian was directed to a waterfall.

In this beautiful spot we found the best water we ever drank. We were so glad to find this oasis in a parched land that we remained there several hours to enjoy it.

This place was called to my mind some years later, when I heard of it as the ambush of Dave Poole, the bushwhacker. Here his men routed a party of Federal Cavalry who were after them; Poole's band fired upon

them from above while they were watering their horses, slaying forty men.

We were one month on the road, returning from Texas.

We arrived at my father's home on the ninth of November, 1859, exactly one year from the day we had left Dover, the ninth of November, 1858. It was a joyful reunion.

Mr. Vivian took charge of the home farm, then, and we remained there until 1861, when he rented Sister Caltha's farm.

CHAPTER VII

WAR

LINCOLN had been elected President and there was some talk of war. The first evidence, in my recollection, that war was actually upon us, came one afternoon when I went to call on Mrs. Thacken Webb, Bessie Webb's mother. I had known her when she was a little girl and went to school with her sister, Judith, then Mrs. Edwards. While I was making my call there, Mr. Webb came home from Dover and was very much excited over the war news. He named over the different people we knew who were enlisting. I was pressed to remain for supper and did so to talk over the great news, even though I was fully aware that I would be late getting home. I was riding my horse, Dolly, who had a colt at home. She had been a race track nag and had not forgotten her old tricks. I had my daughter, Ida, then a small child, behind me, and we started home at breakneck speed. I didn't have the right kind of a bridle to hold Dolly so had to let her go, telling Ida to hold on as best she could. I was so excited over the war and the rapid pace of the horse that had I met my nearest neighbor I am sure I should have taken him for a Federal soldier. Uppermost in my thoughts was that, if we ever got home safe, I would never ride Dolly again.

On the 30th of August, my daughter Mary was born. When she was about two weeks old the battle of Lexington took place, on the 16th of September, 1861. Just before the battle, a boat came up the river loaded with Federal soldiers. Mr. James Lightner, one of the leading merchants in Lexington, went down to the landing at Lexington to see about some goods. He was ordered by the soldiers to do something that he did not want to do and refused. He was shot. His wife, a lovely woman, was a schoolmate of mine. She was standing on the shore waiting for him when his lifeless body was brought her. No one can imagine her anguish except those who have gone through a similar ordeal.

The first night of the battle of Lexington, one of the servants came to our door in the night and said: "Fo' God's sake, Mars' Flave, come out and listen to de guns." My husband got up and opened the door for me to hear them. The shots were about as fast as popcorn in a skillet and, above these, could be heard the roar of cannon as though the whole world were falling to pieces. I cannot express with pen what I suffered that night. My husband was so excited that he wanted to start to war that night, but knew that he could not leave me, so waited until morning.

Then he went to Dover, where others were getting ready to go to Lexington. They all went to about two miles from Lexington, where they could hear a great deal but could not see much nor get to the place of battle. He came home at night but went every day as long as the battle lasted. He bought large field-glasses

and from the upper porch of the house they could see a great deal.

The battle lasted several days. The Federals took possession of the Methodist college and near there the battle was fought. There was some damage to property in Lexington, but not very much. The South got the advantage of the Federals by surrounding their encampment and cutting them off from their water supply. Everyone who attempted to get away was shot. After holding out for several days, the Federals were compelled to surrender.

A Mrs. Hunter, whom I knew, had a large new dwelling not far from the Federal encampment. The officers told her that if she would allow them to occupy the house they would protect it and she turned it over to them, furniture and all, thinking her home perfectly safe. They kept their promise by burning it down.

General Mulligan was in command of the Union Army and was taken a prisoner by General Price. When he was sent to a prison camp, his wife insisted upon going with him, leaving her child, then about two years old, with Mrs. Hunter. After the war General Mulligan and his wife came back to claim their little daughter, and it was very hard for Mrs. Hunter to let her go, as she had become very much attached to the little girl.

My father had a colored man who joined the Federals. Before the battle, he was given a gun and told to fight, but when the battle took place he hid in the trenches. After the battle, he was found by the Confederates and taken to their camp, but by this time Dick

had had enough war and ran away from the camp and came back home and was quite glad to get there.

Mr. Vivian took me to Lexington to see the battleground as soon as I could go, but there wasn't much to be seen then with the exception of the college, which was pretty well torn to pieces.

Things were beginning to get very "warm" by this time in our neighborhood. We had a family of little children and Mr. Vivian did not see how he could go into the army. But soon it was not safe for the Southern men, even non-combatants, to remain in their homes any longer, because the Federals took them prisoner; and he went under the protection of General Shelby as far as Johnson County. General Shelby was on his way, with his men, to Texas, and as Mr. Vivian still owned the place in Texas he thought it would be well for him to go there. When he got to Johnson County his horse was stolen from him and he changed his mind about going to Texas and decided to return home. In order to get home he bought a drove of mules, which he and three other men drove back home. The mules afforded a protection to the men and thus they were allowed to leave Johnson County. He was away three or four weeks.

Shortly after his return from Johnson County there were rumors throughout the country section that stirring events were happening in Dover. None of the men dared to go in, so Dick Fisher, a young boy and one of the daredevils of the neighborhood, offered to go in and get the news. He asked me to give him some school books, so I gave him a satchel of books which



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CONFEDERATE NOTE MEMORIAL



Representing nothing on God's earth, now, and naught in the waters below it--
As a pledge of a nation that passed away, keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear, to the tale this trifle will tell,
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream, of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores, too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our "promise to pay," and hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on, and weeks became years, but our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce the Treasury quaked, if a dollar should drop in the till.

This "memorial" was framed and hung in many

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed, though our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represents the pay that our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold, yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay, and every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, or of bills that were over-due;
We knew if it bought our bread today, 'twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history o'er, from the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest and born of the Angel Hope, like our hope of success, IT PASSED.

Southern homes in the days succeeding the war

he swung over his shoulder and off he went on his horse. The news that he brought back was that all the able-bodied men who were subject to military service were being gathered in by the Federals to keep them from enlisting in the Confederate army. The entire country was being canvassed and the men gathered in were thrown into prison. When this news was received my husband and Brother Kell hid themselves in the woods.

In the afternoon they came home to see how things were going and were still on their horses when my girl, Emily, ran to us, very much excited: "Mars' Flave," she cried, "the lane is black with Federals. Fo' de Lawd's sake, run!" The men made for the woods back of the house and were quickly out of sight, the Federals not even catching a glimpse of them. An old colored man belonging to Mr. Carter was leaving our house as the Federals rode up and he was asked if the gentlemen of the house were at home and he replied, "Yes, Sah." They dashed up to the house as fast as their horses could carry them.

Fortunately for me, I had at that time a governess for the children, Miss Luna Mallory, who was brave and strong. She was in the front of the house and they addressed her, asking for the gentlemen of the house. She stood her ground and replied that they were not there. They thought she was lying and so dismounted and searched all over the house. The captain was so angry because he couldn't find them that he swore and pulled off his overcoat, not knowing what he was doing. His name was Harvey, Captain Harvey, and he turned

to me and said, "Madam, if your husband is not here in the morning at nine o'clock, I won't say what the consequences will be."

Our home was surrounded all night long by Federals, although we were unaware of it at the time. Early the next morning, our own men came in hungry, tired and cold. They stopped in the kitchen a few minutes to warm themselves and the Federals closed in on the house. Emily, true to her post, went into the kitchen and told our men: but as they knew it was impossible to escape, the only thing left for them to do was to surrender. They went out into the yard, knowing that they were prisoners, and spoke to the Federals. They knew some of them, who lived in or near Dover. Mr. Vivian invited them into the house and they had breakfast with us. They told Mr. Vivian and my brother they were going to take them to Dover, and my husband gave the order for his horse to be brought.

We had a very fine horse that the Federals had been after and Mr. Vivian watched through the window to see what horse John was bringing. It was the good horse, and he made a motion to the negro to take it back. The darky understood and took the horse back and brought out the mother, which was Dolly, the one I have already mentioned. So I had the indescribable agony of seeing my husband carried off as a prisoner of war, although I was assured that no harm would come to him. He was taken to Dover and, with other men, imprisoned in the old Presbyterian church. It was the usual program to keep newly arrested prisoners

there and remove them to the old Courthouse at Lexington later.

As soon as they left the house, I sent word to Lou, Brother Kell's wife, of their arrest, and she and I went into Dover, taking bedding and clothing and everything that they could possibly need to make them comfortable. The Federal guard that afternoon took all the men that they had captured, numbering possibly fifty or sixty, to Lexington.

As they passed Mr. Edwin Carter's place he spoke to Mr. Vivian and said he would send a servant to Lexington to take care of the horses. When the negro appeared to take the horses back home, the Federal officer stepped up and said *he* would take care of them. But our horse, Dolly, was able to take care of herself. During the night she got out and the next morning she was in her place in the stable at home.

Captain Harvey died shortly after that, of an illness, and I could not help thinking that there would be no more women scared to death by him.

All of these Southern men were imprisoned in the Court House in Old Town, Lexington, for six weeks. I went up every week and took a good supply of provisions. The prison fare consisted of bread, coffee and bacon,—the coffee and bacon fairly good but the bread very poor, indeed,—and my husband was glad to see me coming in every week with a supply of baked ham, chickens, preserves, pickles and home-made bread.

Shortly before this arrest, I wanted to go to Lexington to do some shopping. Everything had become very scarce, or at least we couldn't get hold of it, as the

merchants had hidJen everything—things disappeared very suddenly and that was the supposition. I had been remaining at home, fearing that the Federals would give us a call. But one day they passed our house and so I felt that I was safe in leaving. While I was away, however, seventy-five came to the house, ordered dinner and searched the place from top to bottom. They did not hesitate to take what they wanted and some things they did not want; for some of the things they threw away, and we afterwards found them. I had five dollars' worth of sewing machine needles which they threw down in the streets of Dover, but which we afterwards got back. Every drawer in the house had been gone into and the contents scattered. My jewelry and many other valuable things were taken. What they did not want they destroyed, even breaking up the nests of the setting hens.

Joe, the colored man, started to Lexington to meet us and tell us the news. My father and Mr. Vivian afterwards saw the commander and he told them to make a list of the things taken and he would see that they were returned, but all we ever got back was a gun and a pistol.

One day a posse of Federals came looking for cavalry horses. I was alone with the children, but I told them to look over the herd in the pasture. One of them said that they had done so, but there was nothing there they wanted. Jimmie, who was a little fellow, spoke up and said: "Papa is riding the filly." But the man was talking and did not hear. I was very glad, for that was undoubtedly the horse they were looking

for. I was also asked for a bridle, and Jimmie again spoke up and said, "I have a bridle." The man said, "Let me see it." Jimmie ran and got it, but it was not what he wanted and so he did not take it.

During this trying period, when my husband was a prisoner, I was alone most of the time with the servants, but they were good to me and as true as steel. They would have protected me in every way, except from the Federals, over whom, they, of course, had no power, and I was more afraid of them than anything else and the servants were as much afraid of them as I was.

My children's governess, Miss Luna Mallory, a very fine girl, felt in duty bound to leave us at this time, to live with Mrs. New, an old friend from their Virginia home; because Mr. New had died and their son, Lewis,—of whom I have spoken as accompanying our party to Texas,—had gone to War. I agreed with Miss Luna that this was her duty.

Speaking of Miss Luna, or "Miss Luny," as the children called her, reminds me of the time we went to Mr. New's funeral as a compliment to her. A frost was predicted and we should have harvested our fine crop of apples without delay; but we took a chance with them and attended the funeral instead. When we returned, all our apples were frozen. However, apples after freezing and thawing make the best cider. So we used them that way. There is usually a compensation!

In this same year, when the frost got the apple-crop, we lost a big gathering of hickory nuts. My husband

and sons had camped in a hickory grove for two days and brought back a wagon-load of nuts, which I had had opened and dried, making many barrels. But the rats got this harvest.

We were destined to be unfortunate with hickory-nuts, I believe! Some years after the war, my son, Jimmie, was coming home from a band-rehearsal across the river and was able to secure a large gathering of these nuts. He could not get them across the stream and left them in care of an old man, promising to call for them when the river froze and we could walk across with them. We anticipated great satisfaction from these nuts; but when Cousin Callie walked across on the ice to see about them, she found that the old man had eaten all but a peck!

One day, Miss Luna came to tell me that the Federals had taken a dozen men out of the prison and had gone down the river with them. Mr. Vivian was among them.

They were gone several days and then returned. The object of this short trip was never learned but it was thought that the Federals had decided to put the prisoners on an island in the river, but changed their minds. This mysterious occurrence was never explained, but the men were returned to the prison at Lexington unharmed. My anxiety at the time any wife can imagine.

Mr. Taubman, owner of the flour mills at Dover, had gone to Lexington and had become a member of the Home Militia there, a Federal organization. He had closed down his mill, and one day he came to Mr.

Vivian and offered to sell it to him. My husband asked, "How can I buy your mill while you have me retained here as a prisoner? Anyway, I would have to consult my wife." "Well," Mr. Taubman replied, "I will parole you and you can go home and think about it. I will come down in about a week's time and you can tell me then what you will do about it." Mr. Taubman also promised that he would protect us from the Federal army.

I was very much delighted to see my husband home again, and when he told me of the mill I thought it would be a fine thing to buy it. So when Mr. Taubman came for his answer the trade was made and we became owners of the flouring mills, including a house and about fifteen acres of land in the town of Dover. I was also very glad to get away from the country, and that closed forever my residence in the country.

We moved to Dover a week before Christmas, 1862, and all hands got busy putting the mill in good running order. My husband procured the services of a fine engineer who was a great help in repairing the bolts, which had been badly cut by the mice while the mill was closed. I was busy with my machine, too, sewing up the long seams in the bolting cloth and making hundreds of sacks for the flour. This had to be done quite often as long as the mill was run, which was about sixteen years.

It was in the year 1863, I think, that General Price made his raid through our quiet little town of Dover. Many of his soldiers stopped over for a few days, some to visit their friends, but a large number of them

were nearly starved and stopped over for food. All the Southern ladies in town were cooking for Price's Confederate soldiers as fast as they could. A large number of the soldiers went to my husband's mill and took flour and mixed it with water, wrapped the dough around a stick and held it over the fire for a few minutes, and before it was done they ate it, so famished were they for food. They were at the mill all night and my husband stayed with them until early in the morning, when he left the mill in their hands.

Rarely has a leader been so beloved by his men as General Price was by these soldiers. They called him "Pap Price" when they spoke of him, and said that they felt that he *was* their "Pap" and also a "great somebody."

As long as there was any grain in the mill, the soldiers continued to make and eat their crude bread. For the use of the mill and the consumption of all the grain it contained, they offered my husband five hundred dollars in Confederate money, which was the only money they had. Mr. Vivian took it without a word; he knew it was worthless but all that they could give, and he was glad to serve the Southern cause which he believed to be the right one.

The very next morning after they had left Lewis New, our young friend, then at home for some reason, came to the house to get me to help make him an overcoat. He was talking with my husband, who was still in bed, resting from the long hours of work and anxiety, overtaxed by the experience of the Raid, when two young Southern soldiers appeared, asking for breakfast.



GRANVILLE KELLY CAMPBELL
The author's brother



LOUISE WALKER CAMPBELL
Wife of the author's brother,
Granville K. Campbell

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I remember that I had a very nice breakfast that morning, with a large dish of fried chicken, hot biscuit, coffee and preserves. I invited the two young men into the dining room and had just served their plates when Emily, my colored maid, ran in saying that the town was full of Federals shooting up everybody they saw. The young men jumped to their feet and Emily found their muskets and handed them to them. They had left their horses in front of the house and they dashed out to them and started down the road right in the face of the enemy. They got away, one with a slight wound in his wrist and the other unharmed.

Lewis New, who knew the situation better, made his escape through the back of the house and into the woods. At this time, two other young men were killed and one mortally wounded, all strangers in our little village. The wounded man was taken into Dr. Meng's for attention and the two that were killed were given a burial in the local churchyard, where, so far as I know, they still lie. Then it was decided that someone should go for the mother of the wounded soldier, whose home was in Miami, a town about fifty miles away. My husband's stepmother and another lady volunteered to go and they found the mother and brought her back with them. She remained there a week, at the end of which time he died and she returned with his body to Miami.

During these times the spirits of the young people helped us over many a dark spot. One morning at a very early hour, we heard singing on our front porch. My husband got up and dressed quickly and when he

went out he found some of the young girls of the village singing the war songs that had the same stirring effect on the people of those days as the latter-day songs did during our recent war with Germany. This is one of the popular war songs of that time which they were singing that morning:

“Hurrah! hurrah! We are a nation they dread!
Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the red, white and red.
Our banner is simple and by it we'll stand;
It spreads from the Potomac to the great Rio Grande.
It waves over hearts that are valiant and true,
And we'll die while offending the red, white and blue.”

These young singers were all true Southern girls and they knew where their song would be appreciated.

But time heals all, and many of the girls of the Confederacy have had grandsons who died not offending, but defending, that same Red, White and Blue, now glorious and dear to us all.

We invited the young singers in, but they wanted to extend their patriotism farther and went on. Among these girls were Mag Warren, afterwards Mrs. Oliver Redd, and Jennie Plattenburg, afterwards the wife of Major John N. Edwards.

When the war was over, Mr. Vivian invited these same girls to go with him to get his rifle which he had loaned to a young man and which had been in service throughout the entire period of the war. He had an understanding with the young man as to where he should conceal the gun,—in the underbrush near a log under a certain bunch of trees. As it was not well for

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any man to travel alone in those days, things being still unsettled and bitterness still uppermost in a good many hearts, Mr. Vivian asked the girls to take the trip with him, to disguise the purpose of his journey; and he knew no one would trouble a group of ladies. The spot was eighteen or twenty miles above Lexington, somewhere in the neighborhood of Wellington. I prepared them a nice lunch and they had a lovely day for their trip and were rewarded by finding the gun without the least trouble.

During the Civil War we had many heartaches from tragedies happening among those with whom we were personally acquainted. There was a young school teacher in our neighborhood who had taught our oldest son, Jimmie. After the war had begun and we had moved to Dover, the young school teacher went to war on the Southern side. He was released from service for some reason, which I do not now recall, and came back to resume his teaching. He was quiet and peaceable and attentive to his work. The Federals found out that he had returned and went to the schoolhouse and shot him in cold blood. Then they were not satisfied with killing him, but literally shot him to pieces. Such a cowardly and brutal act! Such is war!

Many other cruel things happened.

Things got so serious with us that at one time many of our young men and boys who could not get to the Southern army went to the bushes to hide; not to fight, but for their own safety. They could not get to the army, neither were they safe at home. Among these were the Banks boys, as well as I remember, three in

number. They came to our house one morning for breakfast. I gave them a good one, and, to please my husband, I went to Dover to tell Sister Banks I had seen her dear boys and had given them a good meal, and she was very glad and appreciative. Finally, these boys made their way to the main army and in course of time, I believe, one was killed; another was cut off from the army and made his way home; the third grieved to death, believing that his brother had met with foul play. His physician said that he had no disease and that grief alone had caused his death. Then Mr. Banks took his wife and only remaining son to California. This family had indeed had sad luck with their children; two little boys died at one time of scarlet fever; and at another time two little girls were poisoned by their nurse. Before their departure to California, Mrs. Banks took Uncle Bob, the colored man, to the spot where her little ones were resting and pointed out the place where she wished to be laid when she, too, should be called. It was but a few years before Uncle Bob was called upon to identify the spot, for Mrs. Banks' body was brought back from California at her request.

Not far from Miami, a company of bushwhackers were encamped. These were men, generally older than the lads of whom I have written above, who, being unable to get to the official Southern forces, organized themselves into independent companies for guerrilla warfare.

A Federal officer disappeared and these bushwhackers were suspected of having taken him. The citizens of Miami were told by the Federals to produce this of-

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ficer by a certain time, or else ten of their best men, non-combatants, would be shot. The citizens appealed to the bushwhackers, who assured them that they would gladly have surrendered one Federal officer to save the lives of ten Southern men, but they could not produce this officer for the good reason that they had not captured him.

As he did not reappear at the time stated, ten citizens were lined up before a firing squad. One of these was a very poor man with a large family. A younger man, a bachelor without responsibilities, volunteered to take his place and was allowed to do so. This young man had been pronounced unfit for military service, but was thus enabled to give his life for his friends.

We had many scares from the troops on both sides passing through the town, as they did many times.

Among the bushwhackers, as was to be expected, there often were men of unsavory character. Once some bushwhackers of this type came through our place. They went to one of the leading stores, took what they wanted and then tried to set fire to the store. The girls of the town knew some of the men and as soon as they would set the store on fire the girls would put it out. The men were doubtless drunk and bent upon mischief, but the girls were not afraid of them and won the day.

There were robberies also. Some men came to our mill and took sixty dollars from my husband's partner, but when they accosted my husband with drawn pistols, he called them by name, saying, "You wouldn't shoot me; would you?" Each man dropped the pistol.

They went to the stable, expecting to find our little prize filly. She wasn't there and to appease their disappointment they shot a buffalo that we were fattening for beef. The animal could have been saved for meat if it had been killed outright but it was only wounded and we tried to save its life. It died and we were out the price of the buffalo meat, which was about a hundred dollars.

An old colored man, who had belonged to my father, had the presence of mind to hide his pocket-book among some gear in the corner of the mill. This old man's wife, who was much younger than he, is still living. She is very old now; she always said she was three months younger than I; but I don't know how *she* knew it, for I didn't. She is feeble and her sight is failing, and I send her bundles of clothes and other help occasionally.

I had \$500 in the house one day when my niece came to tell me that the robbers were going through the town; I rolled up the money and put it on her, as a bustle. However, they passed us by that day.

We never went anywhere in those days without fear.

One day my sister and I were going with our children out to our father's home to spend the day. We were afraid to go by the public road for fear of meeting soldiers, so we chose a less frequented route. We were all in the carriage with the exception of Jimmie, who rode the filly. He was about ten years old then. Much to our surprise we met ten bushwhackers. They passed us in the road, and we were congratulating ourselves, when they turned back, yelling as loud as they could

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for us to halt. They wanted the filly. I talked to them as bravely as I could and said that the mare did not belong to me, but that they could see my husband in Dover and he might be willing to let them have her. When they went to Dover they went to see Mr. Vivian and he said: "Now boys, I'll tell you. She would do you no good at all. She is tender footed and in two days' hard riding she would break down." So they left her alone. During the time Mr. Vivian was in prison, I trusted this little horse to a slave who kept her out of sight in the brush close by. She was a fine looking animal and a nice riding horse, and would have been much prized by anyone, and especially by the Federal army.

We furnished a good many horses for the Southern army. One of our horses, Bulger, belonging to Jimmie, went through the entire war; but we never saw him again. Jimmie had been the proudest little fellow when his father had bought him that pony and his little saddle!

Other States and counties suffered very much more than we did in Lafayette County, Missouri; but I knew some men even there who were called out and shot for no offense. Johnson County was a great sufferer. The men who were not in the army could not stay at home at night; they were compelled to go to the woods for safety; many of them were old men.

Kansas suffered more than any of the States concerning which I had any personal knowledge. There was a company there called the Red Legs who were a terror to all; they were known as "the company of

the Order No. 11." I read the book of their command, entitled, "Order No. 11," and it was horrible. By these men houses were burned, young girls forced to flee their homes by night, often scantily clad; citizens were shot down wantonly.

The men who committed these acts were lawless men and though a company of Federals, performed such deeds without Federal authority.

But it was men of this sort who drove the James boys from their home, pillaged it, and committed other atrocities on them and their parents. The James boys could not get to the Southern army and were persecuted and hunted, their home destroyed and their lives attempted because they would not join the Northern one. They were not allowed to make an honest living. I think these facts should be borne in mind before we too severely condemn Jesse James and his brothers for their later acts of outlawry.

During the period of the Civil War, which lasted four long years, we passed through many hardships, privations, excitement and untold anxiety. We struggled along from day to day, month to month, and into the years, as I have said above. One of the generals in the Federal army acknowledged that the South had more economy, better discipline and better action than had the North, and it is recorded that President Lincoln told General Grant that they might as well try to capture the man in the moon as General Lee's army. So they took a new turn and tore up all the railroads and burned the bridges to stop all transportation into Richmond, Va., and it was only when this city was at



THE AUTHOR, HER TEN CHILDREN AND TWO OF HER GRANDCHILDREN

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the point of starvation that General Lee surrendered. Like a brave man, a noble soldier and an honest and good man, he bade his men stack their arms in the grand old historic city of Richmond, April 9th, 1865, as a token of peace between the Blue and the Gray, or the North and the South; and like the bow of God's promise which He placed in the heavens, this pact of peace and good will to all men will remain until all things have passed away and man shall inherit the New Heaven and the New Earth.

It has been estimated that 2,260 engagements took place during the four years' struggle, and that in all over a million men were killed or maimed during the Civil War.

During the War, prices were very high everywhere, especially throughout the Southern States, perhaps most of all in Virginia where General Lee's army was stationed. In many localities, flour was fifteen dollars a barrel, the little meat available twenty dollars a pound. But our community suffered no such hardships, and prices were never so extreme with us. Still, our difficulties were many and the suffering and strain considerable.

They used to tell us often at this time a story both humorous and pathetic about General Robert E. Lee. Having a guest for dinner one day, he ordered that bacon, cabbage and corn-bread be served,—in war times in Virginia a delicious and rich meal. When the bacon appeared it was such a small piece that the guest would not take any. So the next day, Lee told his cook to bring him the bacon and cabbage left from

the day before. When the meal appeared, there was cabbage, but no bacon, and the negro explained, "Mars' Robert, Ah'll tell you de truf. We didn' hab no meat. Ah' borrowed what we served yistiddy an', when de ginleman didn' tech it, Ah done toted it back."

When the final victory for the freedom of the slaves came and slavery was abolished, our servants would not have left us, but their cabins accidentally burned to the ground and Mr. Vivian told them if they wanted to go that was the time. There was no house near and it would have necessitated our building new quarters for them, an expense he did not care to undertake, now there was no assurance of their remaining. So they went.

I did not know one thing about housework. I regretted their going and missed them more than I have words to tell, but I went to the kitchen with two good hands and a willing heart. I was determined to learn to cook, for we had always thought a servant very stupid who could not learn to do things, and I had to learn or convict myself of stupidity. So I took pride in my work and believe I did very well for one who had been reared as I had been.

It was somewhat different with my father's slaves. They felt very much attached to the family, especially to my father and mother, and did not want to go through with the sad farewell. My father's home was the only home many of them had ever known and I imagine it was a trying ordeal for them to leave it. They could not face a formal parting. They knew they had to go, that my parents would no longer be

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able to maintain a large number of servants; had no means of paying them now that slavery was over and they would have to be paid in money instead of in clothes and food and shelter. When my father and mother got up one morning, all the negroes were gone.

My parents found themselves the only human beings on the place.

My father soon got some help; but after several scares from both sides of the controversy, he rented the farm and went to Dover to live with my sister.

There my parents remained until both passed on, my father at the age of eighty-two, in 1872, and my mother in 1893, being then nearly ninety-five years old.

I know my father would have sent his slaves anywhere they wanted to go, if they had asked him to do so. All of our slaves, as far as I know, have now passed on, except one family.

A great deal of sentiment has been expended, before the war and since, about the cruelty of slavery in separating families. Yet, though this happened in my experience very rarely under slavery, the breaking up of families was the immediate result of freedom. As far as I know about the negroes, few of them were lawfully married; when questioned about their union, they would say, "We just jumped over de broom stick." As soon as they were freed, couples began to separate from each other and from their children.

My girl Emily married John Shelby; that was his master's name; he never had any other. I myself saw to it that they were legally married. I thought that she had done remarkably well. He was ambitious,

energetic and good in his way. But he was saving every dollar to buy a home,—creditable enough in itself,—and when Emily fell very ill he let her die for the need of a doctor. If I had still had the bill to pay, she would have had the best of care at any cost or sacrifice.

The heroes of the period, in all our minds and hearts, were Jefferson Davis,—“Jeff,” as he was affectionately called,—and our great Confederate soldier, Robert E. Lee. These two men deserved all the admiration in which they were held, not only for their brave and steadfast espousing of a difficult cause which they believed to be right, but also for the fortitude and personal courage with which they continued in it to the end, even when they knew it to be lost.

Tales of their lives, their accomplishments, their romances, their happinesses and their griefs, their courtly acts and all the little legends and facts that surround the great, were of interest to us long after the fall of the Confederacy; and, indeed, reading the untarnished lives of these great and good men interests me to this day.

I am glad to note that latter-day historians of our country, now that the intense feeling of the times following the War have cleared away and left the vision more just, are more and more coming to honor the character and ability of both of these men and to respect them as great figures of whom all Americans may well be proud.

After the Civil War, there was considerable antagonism between the two parties. But now I am happy to say that the barrier has been burned away. For all

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parts of our country are working shoulder to shoulder for the common good; all equally love our free and noble America.

Now, in my opinion, we have to learn a still broader brotherhood. Just as we have learned to depend on each other, North and South, to work together in harmony, so we have to take our part in working with the nations of the world, to insure justice and mercy to all peoples, good will to all men, that they may breathe the sweet air of peace in their own beloved homes.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME STORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

AFTER the war, little by little, the bitterness and the troubles died down and people began to take up life again pretty much in the old way.

As we were an agricultural community, largely self-sustaining, with no enormous plantations to stand idle for lack of labor, and as we were near enough to large cities and navigable streams not to have the usual difficulties of the period about markets and the securing of manufactured products, we did not feel the long-continued deprivations that had to be met in many parts of the country at this time.

Dover was a very prosperous village, the surrounding community made up of wealthy farmers from good families, affording good society, good churches; a pleasant place to live. I hold the place sacred in my memory, for it is associated in my mind with a very happy period of my life. It was there that my early school training was received. It was there that my little children played around me, meek and pure and innocent as the morning dew. It was there that I watched them with tender care as they grew toward manhood and womanhood and it was there that the chain that bound us into a perfect little family was first broken by the death of my husband. The heart

Down the Avenue

sometimes cries out for those days and the peace of mind with them, which is dearer than all else in the world.

The happiness of such a community depends greatly upon the kind of people that compose it.

With us neighborliness was as vital as family-life. We were surrounded by sound friends and I look back upon them with love. Dover was composed of good, sterling families.

As I think about them, disconnected tales and memories of friends and the anecdotes of neighborhood characters, among the families we knew and the negroes who belonged to them, crowd into my mind.

Our nearest neighbors in Dover were the Warrens. We had known them many years. Brother George Warren was a merchant there and we traded almost exclusively with him, as he was a brother in the church. His wife, Sister Elizabeth Warren, was a very charming woman, kind and good and sweet to all. Never an unkind word or action for anyone! She believed there was good in everyone. She was the finest neighbor I ever knew. If any of my family was sick she was constantly sending dainties from her own table, which were always enjoyed. She was one with us in all of our joys and sorrows. To say she was a good Christian does not express her character; she was the salt of the earth. She had four daughters and one son and she was sweet and motherly and proud of them all. She said that her daily prayer was that her children would never be left motherless. Her prayer was answered. My children and I were very fond of her and loved to

go to see her, especially Decima, when she was a very little girl; the Warrens thought her bright and loved to talk with her. The last time I saw Sister Warren, Brother Warren was dead and when I kissed her good-by, she said, "Kiss Decima for me and for Mr. Warren."

Maggie was her third daughter and I am going to tell you a real Southern love story about her. When the Civil War came, she was engaged to a young man who took arms for the South. It was extremely difficult to get letters over the lines in those days and, as time went by, she failed to hear from him. She then believed him to have been killed, as he had been engaged in battles many different times, and after several years had passed she was confident that she would never see him again. Another fine gentleman offered her his hand and she accepted. This was the state of affairs until General Price made his raid through our country, and the little town of Dover. There was a great commotion in the town and everybody was out in the yards or on the street looking at the great army as it passed along. In the rank was Oliver Redd, Maggie's soldier lover. As soon as they saw each other they rushed into each other's arms. They were both overwhelmed, but their joy was short as the army was marching on. A few moments' embrace, a few tender words, and he was off again with his comrades.

The young gentleman to whom Maggie had engaged herself was off at college; but the busy little bird carrying choice bits of gossip hunted him up and informed him of the meeting with Oliver Redd. Upon which,




go to see her, especially Decima, when she was a very little girl; the Warrens thought her bright and loved to talk with her. The last time I saw Sister Warren, Brother Warren was dead and when I kissed her good-by, she said, "Kiss Decima for me and for Mr. Warren."

Maggie was her third daughter and I am going to tell you a real Southern love story about her. When the Civil War came, she was engaged to a young man who took arms for the South. It was extremely difficult to get letters over the lines in those days and, as time went by, she failed to hear from him. She then believed him to have been killed, as he had been engaged in battles many different times, and after several years had passed she was confident that she would never see him again. Another fine gentleman offered her his hand and she accepted. This was the state of affairs until General Price made his raid through our country, and the little town of Dover. There was a great commotion in the town and everybody was out in the yards or on the street looking at the great army as it passed along. In the rank was Oliver Redd, Maggie's soldier lover. As soon as they saw each other they rushed into each other's arms. They were both overwhelmed, but their joy was short as the army was marching on. A few moments' embrace, a few tender words, and he was off again with his comrades.

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Granville K. Campbell.

OFFICE OF AMERICAN BANK, }
HIGGINSVILLE, Oct. 6, 1895. }

 At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Bank the following preamble and resolutions, offered by Jos. L. Youngs, were unanimously adopted and ordered spread upon the records of this Bank, twenty-five copies to be engrossed and sent to the family of the late Granville K. Campbell, Director of this Bank:

WHEREAS, Fifteen years ago our death roll commenced by the death of Christopher Catron, Director; six years ago we were deprived of the services of Director Reubin Pucket, and just two years ago we were called together to take action on the death of Harvey J. Higgins, Director, and now we are called to pay our last sad respects to Granville K. Campbell, Director of this Bank, who departed this life on the 25th day of September, 1895. He has proven to us a most efficient, valuable officer, a man of rare business qualifications and of excellent judgment. He has been connected with the Bank ever since its organization, and to say that to us his loss is great, is but a feeble expression on our part. What he has done for the Bank he has more than done for this city and the county. He was a most valued citizen, ever industrious and progressive. For many years he was an active member of the Christian church, and his work for religion, morality and his church will long live after him. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Directors and Stockholders of this Bank, that in the death of Granville K. Campbell this Bank has lost a faithful officer, a true friend and a wise counsellor; this city a most valued citizen; Lafayette county one of its highly respected pioneers, and the church an unswerving advocate of a thorough preparation here for a life of immortality in the great beyond.

Resolved, That our sympathies are extended to the bereaved family of our departed companion and friend in this their hour of mourning. To the widow and the five sons we commend his virtues, and may they ever emulate the noble examples of the departed husband and father.

A. E. ASBURY, Pres.

S. J. KLEINSCHMIDT, V.-Pres.

H. G. ASBURY, Asst. Cashier.

JOS. L. YOUNGS,

GEO. P. GORDON,

T. M. CHINN,

P. M. GAW,

PHIL. E. AYERS,

JAS. SCHOOLING,

H. G. SMITH,

B. C. RIDGE,

} Directors.

} Stockholders.



he wrote her, relieving her of her engagement, saying that he realized that he had her hand without her heart. With her real lover at war and her engagement broken it looked as though the young lady was, as we would put it to-day, "stranded." Things stood this way until after the war. Oliver, too, by this time, had heard everything and, feeling very bitter because she had engaged herself to another man, had gone to Kentucky. I think his mother was there then, having chosen that State upon being banished from Missouri because she had been a very active Southern sympathizer and constantly fed and hid the Southern soldiers. She had four sons of her own in the Southern Army.

After the War, Will Redd, brother of Oliver, came back to Dover. During his visit there he went to a school entertainment and my niece, Millie Taylor, was on the stage. He admired her very much and sent her a bouquet with a card bearing the words, "From an unknown admirer." The next day one of his friends took him to call on Millie and he continued his visits until they were married. He wrote to Oliver to come to Missouri to be his best man. Oliver came, but Maggie went to Lexington the day of the wedding because she felt she could not bear to see him. Will and Millie were married at the little Dover church, and after the ceremony there was a delightful supper at the home of my sister. Oliver stood up with the bride's sister, Miss Mary Hubbard Taylor. A few days after the wedding Mr. Redd and Millie persuaded Oliver to go with them to call on Maggie. He went and the meeting was a very happy one. They then and there

pledged their true love and were soon happily married.

Shortly after this, these young people were at my house and my daughter, Ida Belle, and Millie went to the piano and in compliment to the young couple, sang the popular song of the day: "When You and I were Young, Maggie." This song, I understand, is still widely sung.

"Mammy" was the Warrens' fine and faithful old servant, as well known and loved by their friends as were the family themselves.

When all of her family had passed away, Mrs. Warren was persuaded to give up her home and go to St. Louis to live with a niece of Brother Warren's who had formerly lived with her and was then married and living in that city in affluence. But splendor dazzled in vain for Sister Warren. She had no love for the things of this world, for her treasures were not here, "For where your treasure is there will your heart be also." She said to her friends, "I would rather live in Dover in a dugout than elsewhere in a fine mansion." She was not happy in St. Louis. She grieved for the sweet home she had left and her dear friends. She did not remain in St. Louis long, but drifted from one place to another in search of a resting place and a happy home.

At last, came a letter from her granddaughter, Mrs. E. J. Nally, formerly Miss Lee Redd, telling of her marriage to Mr. Nally and saying that as soon as they returned from their bridal trip she would come for her, and she was to make her home with them. Her happiness at the thought of being with her own dear

ones was great. She read the letter to all of her friends and said that the good Lord had indeed been kind to her. In a short time Mr. Nally went for her and took her to Chicago, where he then lived and where everything was prepared for her comfort and pleasure. She spent one happy day with her dear ones and was taken to her bedchamber. Before Mrs. Nally retired, she went into her grandmother's room to see how she was getting along. She was found in a condition far from normal and during the night she passed out. Mr. Nally brought back the body to Dover for burial and her friends believe to this day that joy was the cause of her death, for her tender and loving heart was overwhelmed with the shower of love and good deeds pressed upon her by her devoted grandchildren.

Sister Warren had a firm foundation as a Saint of the Lord, she had laid up her faith in His excellent Word.

The last time I went to the old burying ground, I made my way to the Warren lot. The weeds were so high that I could not tell one grave from another but for the white dove that her dear father and mother had placed at Lee Ann's grave, their first born, to mark her resting place. All the Warren family was there in one little enclosure except Maggie, who is sleeping in a vault in Lexington, Ky.; her husband is also sleeping by her side and both are in that happy land where there is no separation.

A man lived in our neighborhood by the name of Christopher Huff Stuffle Slusher. This old man and his wife never came to our house and we seldom went

to theirs except on some occasion, such as a wedding or an infair, when we were specially invited.

Perhaps I should digress a moment here to explain what an infair was, as I do not think they have them nowadays. The day following a wedding was called the "Groom's Day"; all the friends invited spent the day with the newly married couple. It was really in the nature of a house-warming, as we would say now. The celebration was called an infair. There was less formality than at the wedding and the young folks always had a great deal of pleasure at these gatherings.

One of Mr. Slusher's daughters, a Mrs. Phlegar, was our nearest neighbor. She was a fine neighbor and we liked her very much. Her father was of Dutch origin and had come out to Missouri from "Ole Virginy," which he thought was the finest State in the Union, although he had left it to come out to the prairies where he could obtain cheap land. He had a good farm and a nice home, although for many years he had lived in a log house, on the State road about half way between Lexington and Dover and about half a mile from Tabbo Creek. Some of his sons kept a ferry to cross in high water, which was a great convenience for the community and from which they derived a good little income. He was considered a good farmer, but governed his harvest by the old superstitions. All the things that matured above ground were planted in the "light" of the moon and those that matured in the ground were planted in the "dark" of the moon.

Mr. Slusher had only one daughter at home. His

of Ninety Years

wife had died and his other daughters were married. He was anything but liberal with this daughter and could see no necessity for her having the customary pin-money with which to dress herself properly. She had to get along as best she could, until the old man found himself a second wife, who proved to be a good angel to them all. When the daughter Maria wanted a new dress, all she had to do was to tell Susie, her step-mother, who was so sweet and gentle in her ways, and Susie knew exactly how to approach the old man and Maria never lacked anything as long as Susie lived. The old man was of the mind that every dollar must be saved.

Finally, they began to survey and mark his land for the telegraph. They went along the lane in front of his house from one end of his farm to the other. This disturbed him very much; he didn't see any sense in the telegraph anyway and he seriously objected to having the poles set on his land. He had no idea, while he was living in quiet and peace on his farm intent upon saving his dollars, that the world was progressing even before his eyes, as the telegraph showed, even though he was not able to see it.

After Susie died, Mr. Slusher missed the pleasure and happiness that a good wife brings to the home, so he soon married his third wife, Miss Christina Nivens. She was very nice, but I am not sure she filled the place of Susie. I went to the infair. They had a fine dinner, as Aunt Charlotte, the old negro cook, did her best, having everything just right. I hardly think that this marriage was as happy as his former one with Susie,

but they all got along nicely and Christina outlived the old man.

The daughter, Maria, finally married a good man by the name of Washington Cooper. I will tell of a little joke two men played on him during the Civil War. Mr. Ewing and Mr. Downing met near the Cooper place and the latter, who was fond of joking, said, "Let's play a joke on Wash and give him a scare. I will introduce you as the enrolling officer." The brother of Mr. Ewing was really the enrolling officer. When they rode up to the house, Mr. Cooper came out and Mr. Downing said: "Mr. Cooper, this is the enrolling officer who has come to enroll you into the Home Militia." Mr. Ewing pulled out his book and pencil and said, "What is your name, sir?" Mr. Cooper replied, "Washington." "Is that all?" "Yes, sir, just plain Washington." They never tired telling that joke.

At the Slusher infair I met for the first time Hal Warren, who was then a young girl a few years older than myself. She entertained me with her love stories, mostly about her sweetheart in Lexington. She could hardly talk on any other subject, which seemed quite funny to me. That was the trouble with Hal, she could never keep her secrets. She had to tell them to someone, even if it was to her own lover. She was a good girl and meant well, but my impression is that it would have been much better for her if she could have kept her affections and her likes and dislikes to herself.

Speaking of infairs has reminded me of a good joke on me and two of my brothers in our youth that caused

us laughter for many years, though at the moment we may have been peeved a little.

It was the usual thing to invite to the infair all the guests who attended the wedding, so usual indeed that the matter ordinarily went without saying. Immediately after the wedding, invitations were issued to the infair.

My brothers and I were invited to a wedding in a family with whom we were acquainted but not at all intimate. As the wedding was held at a distance from our home, we arranged to stay during the festive days with a friend in that neighborhood.

We all saved our prettiest and best garments for the infair, wearing the second best to the wedding. But—doubtless through some oversight—the invitations to the infair never arrived! I had even to send away a swain who called at our friends' home to escort me to it.

My husband's father, "Father Vivian," used to delight in the saying of an old man he knew, that if the Almighty wanted to make a fool, he killed an old man's wife. To my way of thinking, this course did not succeed in the case of Father Vivian himself; far from it. Father Vivian was a proud man and always conducted himself prudently and in a manly fashion. He believed himself to be of royal stock and carried himself accordingly.

I can see him now in my memory, riding around in a high gig with great dignity. The gig was made very much on the order of the buggy; but it was higher

and not so wide as a buggy, and was considered more stylish by many.

When Father Vivian lost his wife, he felt her death keenly and lived for a good many years alone with his children and his servants, and part of that time with the servants only, when the children were away to school. His two youngest children, Caltha and Flavel, afterwards my husband, were away at school at the same time, the former going to a school at Fayette, Mo., and the latter to Bethany College, West Virginia. While they were away he decided to marry, as that was the only way he could relieve his loneliness. So he called on a nice elderly lady, a Mrs. Adkinson of Dover, a very popular woman, whom everyone called "Aunt Sally." Her husband had been dead only five months and so she said "No," to Father Vivian. His daughter, Caltha, who was home just at that time said, "Father, if you will marry, let me pick you a wife." He said, "All right. Who's your choice?" She replied, "Aunty Chrisman."

So Father Vivian decided to turn his attention to the winning of "Aunty Chrisman" and began his preparations for the call. His widowed daughter, Mrs. Martha Gorham, was at home also at the time and she said, "Father, let me go with you." He was perfectly willing, for everyone loved the good society of this sweet and charming woman. He ordered his gig and his groom, for he never traveled in any other way than in perfect style, and he and Martha set out for the Widow Chrisman's.

During the interview between Father Vivian and



THOMAS BENTON CAMPBELL
Youngest brother of the author

of Ninety Years

the widow, Martha was in the next room with her ear to the keyhole.

Now, the Widow Chrisman had been a widow herself for only six months, but she took a different view from the Widow Adkinson. She knew that her husband was as dead as he would ever be and that a home with a charming gentleman who could provide generously for her comforts was preferable to a lonely life with a maid; so she said "Yes."

Martha's vigil at the keyhole was not altogether satisfactory, so she asked many inquisitive and personal questions on their way home after the call. "What did she say, Pa?" She afterward said that he replied: "She rolled up her large gray eyes and said 'Yes,' with so much sweetness!" I always thought that was one of Martha's jokes on her father.

On his second visit to Widow Chrisman, he took her home as his bride. She made him a fine companion and they lived very happily together for a number of years. When he died he left her well provided for and she made her home with me and my husband, as Sister Caltha was then with her daughter, Ada, who was attending school at the Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Mother Vivian lived with us until her death, the 28th day of February, 1867.

I invited Mrs. Tony White, the wife of Professor Edwin Clay White, to go with me in the carriage to the burial, which she did, and just one year from that day she was laid to rest herself. I went to the seminary to look into that sweet face for the last time.

Her father, Mr. Wendling, went with me into the parlor and I shall never forget his remark: "Beautiful in life, but more beautiful in death." I did not then know how the dear old father's heart ached, but I know now.

Father Vivian loved to tell a story about his father-in-law, Grandfather Cotton. The old man owned a large farm and had plenty of servants to cultivate it and make a good living for all and some to spare; but he loved to take his ease and allowed the same privilege to others. So the negroes did not get to work briskly enough to suit the wife and she would say to him as he would lie in bed late of mornings, "Old man, why don't you get up and make the negroes go to work?" The old man would answer, "Old woman, trust to Providence." She replied, "You have been trusting to Providence a long time and He has made you buy corn for thirty years."

The following story about a neighboring couple, belonging to one of our best families, has brought many a laugh.

One morning the wife said to her husband, "Husband, I should like to go to Lexington today to make our purchases." And the husband replied, "All right, my dear; I will get the horses."

Everyone rode horseback in those days; and the family shopping was done once every season.

Soon they were on their way to Lexington, a journey of about ten miles. It was a chilly morning and, when they arrived at the store, the merchant knowing that the old man loved his dram, got out his decanter

with the usual hospitable offer of, "Help yourself." The old gentleman took a pretty stout dram, as the men say, and the merchant made a toddy for the wife, who drank a small portion of it, and that much only because it was such a cold morning. Her husband, however, did not stop at his one drink, and she soon knew that if she did not devise some means of getting him away he would be in a sorry plight.

She was too tactful to complain to him of his conduct and, besides, she knew that he was stubborn and would resist her if she tried to get him home before the Lexington folks saw him unfit to be seen. So she leaned over to him and whispered, "Husband, I feel what I have drunk, and I think that we had better go home."

The possibility of anyone's seeing his wife under the influence of liquor was too much for him and he lost no time in bringing around the horses and getting out of the town.

As they were riding homeward, he would turn to her every few minutes and say reassuringly, "You have been a good wife to me, Nancy, and I'll never tell it on you."

He never did; but she thought the joke too good to keep from her friends.

The negroes formed a picturesque and interesting part of the life of our neighborhood in those days and many are the amusing stories that they afforded us.

Not far from us lived Billy White, an old man, and his house-servant, Aunt Edie, an old colored woman. Aunt Edie was faithful and obedient, kept house for

Billy, did his cooking, washing, ironing and mending. Billy was a "grouch" and a grumbler and everything that went wrong with him was laid on to the poor and faithful Edie, whether she was to blame or not. He seemed to take a delight in reproaching her. Often she came to my father to lay her troubles before him, but he could only give her good advice as she belonged to this man White.

She came one day with a great grievance, which was that her "man," a negro named Billy Yantes, was going to marry another woman and her master, Mr. White, would not do anything to prevent it. As the days went by toward the time appointed for the wedding, Aunt Edie, to all outward appearances, was calm and unconcerned. She made no objection and kept her own counsel. At last when the day did arrive and the bridal party was gathered for the wedding, Aunt Edie was among those present. The couple stood before the parson, who asked the usual question as to whether there was anybody present who objected to the union. This was Aunt Edie's cue for action and she flew into the midst of the party and cried out: "I sho' does object. Dis am ma husband an' Ise gwine to hol' on to him as long as dars a button on his coat." That broke up the wedding and Aunt Edie and Billy Yantes went home together and lived peacefully "forever after."

There was an old colored man in Dover known as "Uncle Beverly." He and his wife, Lucinda, lived in a small cabin in a quiet nook in the hills north of town. The crude cabin was surrounded by blackberry bushes,

from which Uncle Beverly and Aunt Lucinda gathered a good harvest and sold to the people of the vicinity. For twenty years I purchased my blackberries from them, which furnished me with blackberry jam for the children. In the course of time Aunt Lucinda died and her colored friends went out to prepare the body for burial. Thinking they were entitled to a good dinner, they went to work and cooked up a meal from the scanty store that he and Aunt 'Cindy had gathered together. Uncle Beverly watched them out of the corner of his eye until he saw the best preserves being placed upon the table. He could stand it no longer and called out, "'Cindy don't want you to eat them 'zerves."

This good old 'Cindy was the Aunt Lucinda who, during the Civil War, showed her love for her master in a very stirring way. During one of the Annual Meetings, the Federals came into the church, hoping, they said, to find some bushwhackers there. They caused a great deal of confusion during the service by dashing through the upper galleries which were set aside for the colored people. Then they took some of the gentlemen prisoners; among them was Mr. Ewing Allison, Lucinda's master. She ran out into the street where the Federals had taken him, caught him by the arm and held on to him, pleading with his captors to release him, crying out that he was a good man, a kind master and had never done any harm to them or to anyone else. She cried and begged and would not let him go until she succeeded in having him released.

The Federals did not find whomever they were seeking; but came very near breaking up the meeting. The only result they achieved beyond this was that when one of the little girls of the town, who was going home, saw them and ran, they chased her for some distance and frightened the child almost to death.

Another old negro, Uncle Darby, was very religious. He had become famous for his fervent prayers and was known to make audible petitions to the Lord nightly before retiring, when he often besought the "Angel of de Lord to come down and take Darby home, whar he ought teh be." The boys in town heard of Uncle Darby's prayers and planned to have a little fun. One night, they dressed themselves in sheets and went out to the cabin occupied by the old darky and waited on the ouside near the door for the usual evening supplications to the Lord. Finally they began, and they could hear the old negro's voice: "Oh, bressed Lord, Darby is tired, an' he wants teh come home, Lord, he wants teh come home. Oh, good Lord, send yo' Angel down an' take old Darby home!" They wrapped softly at the door. "Who' dar?" came from within. A voice from the darkness, "The Angel of the Lord, come to take Darby home." "Darby ain't hyah, Lord, Darby ain't hyah."

A negro likes to use long, high-sounding words, of which neither he nor anyone else knows the meaning. The following story illustrates this. My daughter, Ida, and a friend were taking a walk on a very foggy morning and met old Uncle Stepney. My daughter said, "Good morning, Uncle Stepney. What do you

think is the cause of this fog this morning?" "Jes' the presperation of the tide, honey, risin' in the future," was his reply.

The negroes usually got along very well but once, long before the war, when I was a little girl, a terrible thing happened among our colored folk. My father owned some timber lands not far from the river, where he got his firewood and wood for making farming implements. Several of the colored men, among them John, Clark and Thornton, were splitting rails. John and Thornton had a quarrel. John was a kind of foreman on the farm, a good servant, always ready and willing to do anything he was called upon to do and many things he was not called upon to do, such as brushing the boys' clothes, blacking their shoes, acting as general valet for them. He was proud, kept his place and made an excellent servant under all circumstances. But many times he would impose upon the other servants. This particular day of the quarrel, as they went to work, Thornton took some sweet potatoes to roast and eat with his lunch. When they were done, John got them and ate them. A quarrel ensued and Thornton told John to go to his work and let him alone, but John rushed upon Thornton. Thornton, however, was too quick and gave John a stroke of the ax that ended his life. Clark ran home and told the news. Doctors were rushed to the scene, and also a conveyance to bring the wounded man home; but he lived only a few hours.

I felt very sad over this affair, as Thornton had been going after me on Fridays and bringing me home from

school, taking me back again Monday morning, and I missed him very much and was sorry for his trouble. Thornton had a trial and was released, as it was proven that it was a case of self-defense. But, for fear the people would censure him, my father took him South and hired him out to a hotel in Memphis, Tenn. He was Mammy Liza's child and my father would not have him sold at any price. Thornton stayed in Memphis until my sister was married and then he was sent to Saline County to live with her. After Mr. Taylor's death, he was again brought back home with Sister and her two children, where he remained until he was freed. After obtaining his freedom, he went to live in Wyandotte, married and had a family. Years afterwards we learned that one of his boys had gone into the Kaw River for a swim and was about to drown, when Thornton went in after him and they both perished.



THE AUTHOR ON HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

CHAPTER IX

LATER LIFE AND MODERN INVENTIONS

THE years of which I have written seem to me the important and interesting years of my life.

The events of later days have been such as are general in human experience, and too well known to my children, for whom I am writing these reminiscences, to need much outlining here.

After their father's death, my sons wanted me to go to Norborn, a small town across the Missouri River, about ten miles away from Dover. I did not wish to go then; I disliked the idea of leaving my mother. But the time came when I knew, or thought, it best for me to go. Norborn was a thriving town of about two thousand people.

I wished to be self-supporting and to take care of my little ones myself; but my sons opposed me in that, and I appreciated their protective love. But I remained there only three years, despite their kindness and willingness to care for us.

Then I went to Kansas City, where I lived for twenty years. With me in Kansas City were my little girls, Mildred and Decima, my sons, Flavel and Charlie, and, for part of the time, my son, George.

After twenty years, Decima and I went to New York to join Mildred, who had been there for some months.

Shortly after that my daughter, Mildred, was married to Mr. Albert Brown Chandler and their home became mine. I lived with them in Brooklyn and now in the lovely little town of Randolph, Vermont, in which place I am writing these memoirs. It has been and is a happy and beautiful home to me. Colonel Chandler gives me his blessing every night and I feel that he is my son indeed. I am proud of his fine accomplishments in the world of men and blessed beyond measure in his devoted love for me.

I am ninety-two years old. I am well. I am blessed. I am content, and very grateful.

In ninety years of my life, I have seen such changes in the mechanical implements and social customs of existence as would make an entire volume in themselves. But the romance of these inventions and developments has been fully treated by many authors better versed in such descriptions than I am.

But the thought of these things makes me marvel at the wonders that are possible to man.

Children nowadays take for granted conveniences and devices that would have excited awe in my childhood,—if the very supposition of their existence had not first excited derision. We should have believed the very conceptions fantastic and impossible.

Should not this fact make us tolerant and receptive of the many new forces of which we of to-day are still ignorant, forces of the mind and spirit that are now vaguely and gropingly coming to be recognized?

After the telegraph and cable systems were established, many other discoveries or inventions followed

in rapid succession, even more interesting and wonderful. Wireless telegraphy, existing as an undiscovered fact, or a fact not yet brought to light, awaited the wonderful mind of a Marconi to bring it into evidence and use. Mind is the source of all power and someone has said, "The occupancy of thought to an honest achievement makes that achievement possible."

In my own lifetime I have seen the introduction of the sewing machine, the knitting machine, telegraphy, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, wireless telephone, electricity, the automobile and the airplane, to say nothing of hundreds of implements for farm work and other inventions brought about by the opening up of new industries, including the vast oil industry. It has been my privilege to see light evolve from the small tallow candle to the oil lamp; from the lamp to gas, and from gas to electric light, where the touching of a switch lights a room, or a building. I have seen the development of the mail system from the crude fashion of carrying it by post to the carrying of it by the railroads, and now by airplane. I have seen locomotion develop from the vehicle drawn by horses to the automobile and the airplane. Time and distance both have been annihilated by the telephone, with wire and without.

The sewing machine and the knitting machine were in use before the Civil War and were very useful. Up to the time sewing machines were invented all sewing was done by hand. I think I was the first one in our town, Dover, Missouri, to own a sewing machine. People came from far and near to see it and have some

sewing done. It was quite a help in those days when there were servants to do sewing for, as well as the large families.

The first automobile I ever saw was in Kansas City. It was a delivery wagon owned by the packing firm of Swift and Company. One of my sons came to my room one morning and said to me, "Run to the window, quick!" I did so, but only in time to get a glimpse of it. The first time I ever rode in an automobile was when I came to New York with my daughter, Decima. When we were nearing the station, I asked, "How do you think Mildred will meet us?" Mildred had come to New York three or four months in advance of us. Decima replied: "In an automobile." But I did not think so, knowing that Mildred knew I was afraid of them. But she did, and I got in, requesting the chauffeur to drive slowly. They assured me everything was all right and so I was as mute as a sheep before the shearers. For quite a while I did not care for this way of getting around, but time and custom make things "come natural" and now I think the auto is the most convenient and pleasant way of traveling. However, I do not think I shall ever be able to apply this last sentence to travel by airplane. I shall leave that pleasure for my great-grandchildren.

Along in the early days, as well as I can remember, there was not much time spent in writing letters. One reason may have been that people did not scatter themselves all over the face of the earth as they do to-day, and one's close friends and family were usually not far away. Stamps were twenty-five cents apiece; I remem-

of Ninety Years

ber when they were reduced to ten cents, which was considered very cheap. The mail was carried in a stage coach drawn by horses; its passing was a great event. The driver had a bugle; as he passed the houses on his route he would throw out the mail, letters or papers, and blow a ringing blast to let people know their mail was delivered. Those families not living on the postman's route had to send to the Post Office in Dover for their mail.

To-day, one can not only send letters as if my magic from door to door for two cents,—I remember when that seemed wonderful to me,—one can even *talk* from one's own armchair to friends hundreds of miles way. And, as if talking over wires and tapping out messages through cables under the sea were not marvels enough, we must needs come to do such things with no wires or cables at all. It thrilled my imagination to read of a wireless telephone between Ireland and Canada, where words were heard distinctly through the air, two thousand miles!

But, though all these changes and improvements and ingenious devices are good and represent man's coöperation with nature and with Divine Wisdom, they are as nothing, it seems to me, unless they are *used* wisely, too, for the greater service of all mankind, to promote brotherhood, and serve as tools for Spiritual growth.

Several years ago I went back to Missouri and while there I visited my brother, Tom, who was and still is living on the old home place. After spending a happy night with him and his family, the next morning I went out into the yard to try to locate the house of my child-

hood. Not a stone was there to tell the story! I thought to find it by locating the old trees that my father was so careful in setting out by the line and plummet, but all was confusion. So many were gone, not by the woodman's ax, but had just died out. Some had stood the frost for seventy-five years, while others of younger growth had sprung up of their own free will.

Then my memory recalled the beautiful pictures of long ago, of scenes under those very trees: The bountiful table set under the shade of the trees; the sun setting behind the western horizon as we gathered around it, all joyous and congenial and loving, as John says, with the love that "casteth out fear." We were certainly a loving family and our happy faces and sparkling eyes could have told that no sorrow had entered our midst. I could see good Susan serving the table and the dusky little darky behind my mother's chair whose business it was to keep away the flies; this was accomplished by a long bunch of peafowl feathers which she waved over the table. Then I looked for the old garden spot, but after the new house was built this was also changed. There was only one lone cabin left as a memento of the slavery days. All those dusky forms had gone years ago, finding themselves other homes, but the majority of them had passed over the Great Divide. I went to the well. Its outside appearance was changed, but it was still giving of its sweet and refreshing waters. The old oaken bucket that had brought me many a drink in my childhood was there. It brought me up a drink then and it was just as good

of Ninety Years

as it was seventy-five years ago, clear as crystal and as cold as ice.

I then turned my gaze toward the hill, which bore neither the same name nor appearance. We had called it Cox's Hill. I could picture myself and my brothers and sister going over that hill to school, I carrying my bottle of buttermilk and my school books. Then the hill was covered with wild flowers. Now wheat and corn were waving upon it, for it has been under cultivation many years. The instability of human affairs means progress; and change means growth through the Mind that governs all. Nevertheless as I passed through these scenes in my memory, realizing the changes that had been wrought, I could indeed with deep feeling recall the lines of the poet Tennyson: "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

I could hear again, as if that voice were singing it, the words of our old song,

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends once linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland dead
And all but him departed.

But then there came as there always comes, the stronger, happier, better mood and I fortify my heart with gratitude, thinking of certain other poetic words that sum up, finally, all that life has taught me :

Oh, happy is the man who hears instruction's warning voice,
Whose celestial wisdom makes his early happy choice!
For she has treasures greater far than east or west unfold
And her reward is more secure than is the chain of gold.
In her right hand she holds to view a length of happy years,
In her left the prize of fame and honor bright appears.
She guides the young with innocence in pleasure's path of ease.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

THE END

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